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High Times

February '78

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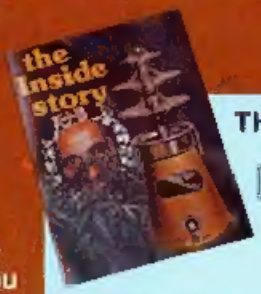

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Skydiver's design is light years ahead of anything else currently built. Tube length, tube diameter, bend angles, and burn elevation are all critically calculated. Total air capacity is carefully matched to that of the adult human lungs. Air rush is instantaneous through a giant 1½ inch diameter carb tube with its own air tight plug. The result is a product that is inherently superior to all others, thanks to the creative application of proven laws of physics.

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Skydiver is operated in a unique manner, due to its exclusive RIP-CORD ACTION. While other bongs require you to hold your finger over a tiny hole cut into the main tube, Skydiver has a separate 1½ inch diameter carb tube complete with its own sealing plug. With Skydiver there is no more groping for that tiny hole; you merely inhale in the usual manner and then pop the carb plug by jerking on the rip cord. And when you do "pull the rip cord," be ready for . . .

THE MOST POTENT HIT

Skydiver's oversized carb tube and exclusive "rip cord action" combine to give you ACCELERATED AIR FLOW, and that's what cool, powerful hits are all about. Skydiver's 1½ inch diameter carb tube provides *48 TIMES* the draw capacity of the ¼ inch carb hole used by everyone else. This means that Skydiver's air rush is instantaneous when you pull the rip cord. With Skydiver you will take stronger hits than you ever imagined possible. Its air rush is so fast that your lungs will be filled to capacity *before you have even felt anything*. Skydiver is quite simply the most awesome stone-ing machine ever released to the public.

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The same scientific principles that enable Skydiver to deliver the most potent hits also provide the coolest hits. The degree to which a hit is considered cool is determined by the speed of the air flow. All smoke is harsh, even drawn through water, so — the faster the smoke travels down your throat, the less time it has to irritate the tender throat lining. Skydiver's ACCELERATED AIR FLOW provides the solution to this age-old problem. Recycling bongs, double-chamber bongs, etc. are the Edsels of the paraphenalia industry. Their dime-store gimmicks actually impede air flow, causing the smoke to become even harsher! Only Skydiver, with its instantaneous air rush, can give a truly cool hit.

Pictured left to right: Skydivers in Jet Black, Wild Cherry, and Midnite Blue — 30" of pure functional perfection. Pictured in foreground: 16 oz. of Columbia's finest export.

BUILT TO LAST

Skydiver is built like no other bong. In a sea of mass-produced mediocrity, Skydiver stands apart. Each Skydiver is *built by hand* to the most exacting standards ever set forth in the paraphenalia industry. Skydiver is a full 30 inches tall, constructed of heavy-gauge ABS tubing, the same space-age material used to build your telephone (when was the last time you broke a telephone?). Skydiver bowls are individually machined from solid brass, and then hand-polished. The rip cord is genuine leather. All tubing is painstakingly assembled and then sprayed with *5 coats* of enamel — 2 primer coats, 2 high-gloss color coats, and a transparent, ultra-gloss top coat for that mile-deep, wet look. The finished bong is available in 3 colors: Jet Black, Wild Cherry, or Midnite Blue, all with contrasting solid brass bowls, plungers, and bases. Skydiver is hands-down the most stunning bong ever built.

EXCLUSIVE DOUBLE GUARANTEE

Skydiver has it all: advanced design, impeccable construction, superior performance, hand-crafted beauty. And if all that weren't enough, ACH, makers of Skydiver, offer the strongest warranty in the business — the ACH Double Guarantee. If you buy one of our bongs and are dissatisfied for any reason, return it within 30 days for a full refund. That's our first guarantee — you simply cannot be unhappy with Skydiver, or we buy it back. Our second guarantee is this — if Skydiver *EVER* breaks, cracks, or leaks — we will replace it absolutely free! There you have it. Like Skydiver itself, our guarantee is the simplest, the strongest, the best.

A WORD ABOUT PRICE

Skydiver represents the current state-of-the-art in smoking paraphenalia. It is the ultimate product that present technology can produce. As such, it is not cheap—but neither is your stash. Stash is expensive; stash is precious — and it is becoming more so every day. For less money than one ounce of primo stash, you may own the only product available that extracts the full benefit of that stash — the ACH Skydiver bong. You have not experienced the full measure of pleasure that smoking can give until you — smoke through Skydiver. Skydiver is still available direct from ACH, but not for long. It is soon to be available retail only, and the price will definitely be higher. So buy Skydiver direct and save. Use the order form below and begin smoking the right way. Do it now — YOU OWE YOURSELF THIS EXPERIENCE!

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THE MAGAZINE OF HIGH SOCIETY

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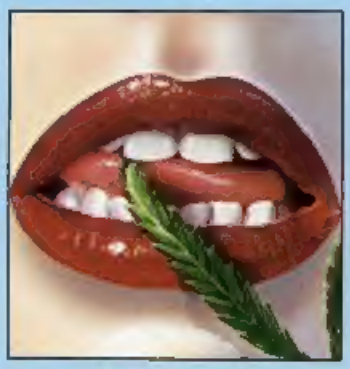

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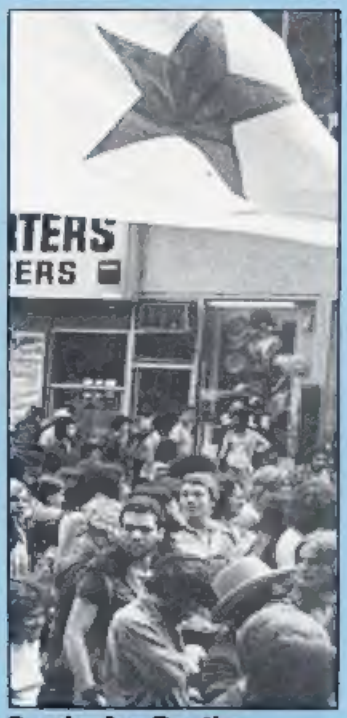

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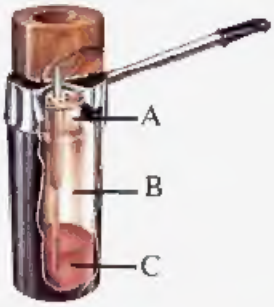

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"Encore." Tangerine Dream, live, on Virgin Records and Tapes. Distributed by CBS Records.

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Rock and Hitler

Ida S. Langsam

The lead singer of the Viletones, an up-and-coming Toronto band, calls himself Nazi Dog. As part of his act, Nazi Dog cuts his arms with broken glass and then swings them around, spattering the front rows with his blood. He has reportedly announced the date, about a year or so from now, when he will kill himself on stage. Now what could be sweeter or more innocent, I ask you?

"You know," an A&R man for a big record company told me, "I love his act, but I'm afraid of signing them because of his name. It'll freak people out."

It's true—references to the Third Reich freak people out in the music business. The legendary promoter, Bill Graham, said on the Tom Snyder show that "punk rock" music is pretty bad, but he doesn't care about that. It's all that Nazi stuff that disturbs him. Graham, of course, barely escaped being sent to a Nazi death camp when he was a child. He doesn't take it all lightly. You can't blame him.

Nor, on the other hand, can you blame a generation born after the end of World War II for being fascinated with what was certainly the most insane episode in the history of mankind. Can anyone who thinks about it, sober or stoned, not be intrigued—even obsessed—with what the hell went down when a runtish madman invented an entirely new civilization in his own image and then nearly conquered the world?

Then you have his sidekicks, his scientists, his organizations, his armies, his politics, his power, his horror, his costumes, his graphics, his spectacles, his grotesqueness, his defeat. What a source of material, whether you're making movies (hundreds over the last 40 years), books (thousands, probably—check out all the paperback thrillers in any book store with swastikas on their covers) or rock music. (No, wait, here it's not allowed: here it makes you a Nazi if you refer to them.) What's going on?

"When I was a kid," remembers a young woman rock band manager who grew up in a middle-class home in New York, "you didn't mention Hitler or the Nazis. It was like cancer—so terrible that you couldn't talk about it. I think that attitude still prevails in the music business."

One understands a dread that runs so deep:

"Don't talk about it, maybe it will stay away. Call it by name, invoke it in any way, and it might come back."

Well, no one is trying to bring it back, no one who's anyone, that is. Nor is anyone saying it was good or desirable. The reason you don't hear too much nowadays about how terrible it was is that the point no longer has to be made.

The "ss" in the logo of the group Kiss is in the same typeface as the SS symbol of the Nazi Schutzstaffel—which does not mean that Kiss is advocating national socialism. When the Ramones sing "The Blitzkrieg Bop," they are not celebrating the destruction of Rotterdam. Nazi Dog has no intention of turning your grandmother into a bar of soap. These contemporary artists, and most nonartists of their generation, are just digging into a body of mythology extremely rich in fictional and stylistic possibilities. There is no menace in it any more, only stories. The next real menace will come from someplace else entirely.

But if you want to talk about the power of the music itself (and not about its verbal and visual frills) in "swaying the mob" towards a fascist or neo-fascist state of being—well, that's another essay.

Danny Fields

Danny Fields,
Manager of the Ramones

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Hidden Persuaders?

After reading Wilson Bryan Key's *Subliminal Seduction*, I discovered to my shock that *High Times* has the same subliminal embeddings on its cover as straight magazines like McCall's and Redbook. The words sex, fuck and others appear very lightly and carefully drawn, so that the conscious mind does not perceive them, but the subconscious takes them in. I have sat down with your magazine many times while tripping, trusting that my mind was in the good hands of a new-age counterculture publication. Now I'm convinced you must be the same money-hungry capitalists you pretend to attack.

—*Bill Scheel, Stillwater, Minn.*

You've either been watching too many reruns of Blow Up *or someone's grabbing your copy in the mailbox and playing tricks with invisible ink. There are no subliminals on the cover of* High Times, *nor anywhere else in the magazine. It's more fun to use dirty words openly. By the way, have you heard the one about the hidden cock on Washington's face on the dollar bill?*—Ed.

Tyranny of the Majority

Despite the fact that a "clear majority" of Americans oppose the concept of the total legalization of marijuana (*High Times*, "HighWitness News," Oct. '77), the issue isn't really one of majority rule. Marijuana involves the inherent constitutional right to the pursuit of happiness. Even if only one individual in the entire country were to deviate from the expected norm of the subtle U.S. dictatorship, that person would maintain the right to the lifestyle of his or her choosing, providing that the lifestyles of others weren't trampled upon. Regardless of popular opinion, the issue of legalization is more important than decriminalization. Perhaps in the next five years it can become a clear and invigorating reality.

—*E. G. Cornet, New York, N.Y.*

Magazine Clean

As a connoisseur with a fetish for neatness, I would like to propose that *High Times* bind into its format two pages that are of a perfect rag and fiber content for the gleaning of seeds from herbs. Embossed lines to catch and channel the seeds could further enhance the value of the pages, which could be color-coded a bright chrome green to set them off from the rest of the magazine.

—*John Pearce, Cathey's Valley, Ca.*

Not a bad idea, but don't hold your breath. Perfect rag paper and embossing are expensive techniques. In the meantime, our production staff suggests you try the regular newsprint pages included in every issue. The extra rough texture of the stiff paper makes it easy to separate the good stuff from the seeds and stems. Don't forget to plant those seeds!—Ed.

Crumb No Bum

R. Crumb must have gone through a lot of self-doubt when doing the comic-strip interview with himself in your November '77 issue, especially evident in the lines "He couldn't stand the confrontation with his real self...But I think we'll get a good feature for the magazine out of it." Don't worry, Bob, you emerged with your integrity intact and your underground image untarnished, besides giving the smug staff of *High Times* the good kick in the pants they need every once in a while.

—*John Griebnitz, Hackensack, N.J.*

Fighting Foreign Imports

When a radio news flash blared, "A Honduran freighter is held in Boston Harbor with 25½ tons of marijuana," it finally snapped. That equals 51,000 pounds at roughly $350 per pound, or $17,850,000! With these windfall profits, I have to ask in good conscience, where does the marijuana we get in the street come from? Where does our money go? Are we getting good quality marijuana for our cash? If you read *High Times*, you know that foreign pot comes from huge plantations that reap huge profits. Why hand your hard-earned money to big importers? Stop smoking your seeds and grow your own. With 30 watts and a big clay pot, every American can learn that patience and gentleness are power.

—*Raoul, Boston, Mass.*

Inflatable Cache

We've been following your radio-smuggling reportage with avid interest, and we think we have the narc-proof system to beat them all. Using a low-frequency transmitter, receiver, duplexers and servo-mechanisms (similar to those found in a remote-control TV) coupled to a small gas cylinder attached to a heavy-duty weather balloon, we can return to any drop-off spot on the high seas, transmit our tone, and up comes the balloon attached to the stash. We grapple the line, deflate the balloon and head into port. We don't have to fuss with diving, nor do we worry about feds picking up the signal.

—*Name withheld, Santa Cruz, Ca.*

Smoke-In Revisited

The description in your August issue of the July 4 Smoke-In was largely accurate. But it had been prearranged by Keith Stroup with the Washington Police and Secret Service that three petition bearers be permitted to accompany me to the White House mail room, where we presented the petitions of over 20,000 Americans calling for the legalization of marijuana. While we were initially turned away, as the article stated, we were later allowed in. My name appears upon the register along with NORML, with a stamp affixed "for the president." To date he has not responded—not even a form letter.

—*Dr. Tod H. Mikuriya, Berkeley, Ca.*

Death Takes a Holiday

William Burroughs has a good idea with Mass Assassination Day (*High Times*, "Opinion," December '77). Assassination is too effective a ploy to reserve for statesmen. Klansmen, American Nazis, executives of multinationals, rapists, male chauvinists, Moonies, NCLCers, capital punishment supporters, right-to-lifers, DEA agents and lots of others would make nifty people to honor on such a holiday. Or maybe Aron Kay has the right idea: pieing is assassination without a bullet, messier, but more embarrassing, and so far no one has pressed charges.

—*Abernathy Finch, Kansas City, Mo.*

We're All Wet

What you saw of our November "High Style," the very interesting Hydropot kit from Applied Hydroponics in San Rafael, California (where else?), was not the whole magilla. Missing were bags A and B

and the space-age pump that helps your own super dope to grow in the provided 30 pounds of Kona lava. The price is still $39.95 plus handling. ◘

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You Should Have Seen the Match

This monster joint took six lids, 130 E-Z Widers and three people to roll it. It wound up 2½ feet long, and we needed

two hours to smoke it. But no one despaired when it was over. The roach yielded a solid lid and a half.

—Name and address withheld

Fungi of the Northwest

The magic mushroom season in Skagit County, Washington, is in full swing this year, and all the prime picking spots are clustered with people. The roads are lined

with parked cars, many of them with out-of-state plates. This tourist was in after the first rain and out before the first freeze with an eye-popping harvest.

—Name withheld, Lyman, Wash.

Nose for Numbers

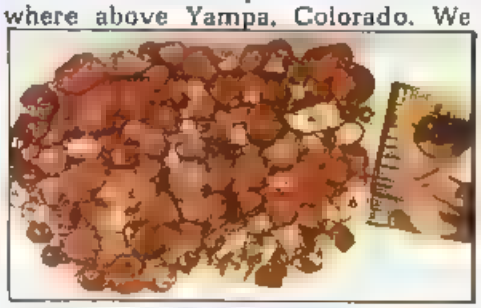
Weighing out coke can be a problem with so many odd-sized rocks. The only scien-

tific solution for a seven-gram stone and a six-gram sale is to split the difference and snort up the remains.

—An East Coast Freak

Rocky Mushroom High

Here's ten pounds and nine ounces of *Amanita muscaria* picked wild somewhere above Yampa, Colorado. We



climbed down after the discovery but went up again without our backpacks—or mountains.

—Name and address withheld

Goldbricking

We thought we would send our greetings with some of the finest hashish ever to be smuggled onboard a U.S. aircraft carrier

in the Mediterranean Sea. Beirut is no longer a port of call, but Sixth Fleet sailors are still seeing a lot of blonde Lebanese.

—Name and ship withheld ■

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A Gift to Chill the Heart

Q: My old man is turning 30 this winter, and I'm trying to think of something I can give him that he'll never forget. The problem is, he's not very interested in "things." I've got about $1,000 put aside, but I'm damned if I know what to do with it. Any ideas on how to make Dirty Thirty a year to remember?

—*Name withheld to keep a secret*

A: *How about getting him very high and very cool? For $600 to $800 for the two of you, Australia's Qantas Airways will literally take you to the ends of the earth. The gimmick is a 12-hour flight over the South Pole, complete with lecture, films, lots of peering out the window at the frozen wastes and all the booze you and the birthday boy can slug. It's an idea whose time has come; Qantas' presently scheduled nine flights are fully booked, and Pan Am is planning a 60-hour marathon to both poles*

Qantas

Been Downs So Long They Look Like Ups

Q: Recently I bought some amphetamines to study for finals, but they made me sleepy. Later I found they matched some antihistamines in my medicine cabinet. Is there any way to prevent being sold a bill of goods again?

—*James C. Howlett, Jr., Amherst, Mass.*

A: *Speed ripoffs abound in the dope market. Over-the-counter hay fever pills like Primatene M or Haysma are often sold at a 1,000-percent markup. Pharm-Chem tested thousands of samples from 1969 to 1975, 45 percent were a total ripoff, and another 24 percent were heavily cut. In 1976, the customer got what was paid for only 8 percent of the time. The most common substitutes are caffeine, pemoline, acetaminophen, propoxyphene (Darvon), aspirin, niacin, ephedrine and phenylephrine (Neo-Synephrine). The unkindest cuts of all are atropine (more than 10 milligrams can be dangerous) and brucine or strychnine, which can cause convulsions or untimely demise.*

Lolita Bloomers

Q: After less than two months, my 18-inch plants have developed female flowers. Everything I've read says flowering is brought on by maturity and long autumn nights. Could I have caused these premature blooms by trimming leaves or breaking a fluorescent light in the room?

—*Name and address withheld*

A: *It usually takes nine- to ten-hour nights to trigger flowering, but several factors may account for prematurity. Plants started in January could flower in March, during the short days of late winter and early spring. Pot abounds in exceptions, anyway. Some strains require shorter or longer than average dark periods, and occasional plants with no photoperiodic response at all flower under continuous light. Also, some plant lights lack the far-red wavelengths that inhibit flowering during long-day periods. Since leaves produce hormones to prevent flowering till autumn, leaf removal can promote precocity, but it's doubtful that breaking a light would cause it.*

Pill vs. Pill

Q: I've been hitting the pillbox pretty hard lately, and I think my body's trying to tell me to take a rest. What do you suggest for a case of "chemical burnout"?

Name and address withheld

A: *Take that rest, eat sensibly and reach for a different group of pills—vitamins. In megavitamin doses (1,000 to 2,000 milligrams per day), vitamin B3 (niacin) helps counteract overstimulation of the adrenal glands, thus calming the system and ending the depression, headaches, insomnia and perceptual irregularities noted by overusers of psychedelics and amphetamines. Niacin may cause an unpleasant burning sensation of the skin, but the niacinamide form does not. Pantothenic acid is also important for normalizing adrenal function.*

Megadoses of vitamin C (2 to 5 grams daily) bolsters the body's defenses against viruses as well as minimizing the toxic effects of any chemical, medical or mental. Smokers need it regularly, as hot gas in the lungs depletes the C supply. The Do It Now Foundation (Box 5715, Phoenix, Arizona 85010) has a fine booklet on the subject—"Megavitamin Therapy and the Drug Wipeout Syndrome"—for $.40. Precautions for vitamin use are well sum-

marized in "Megavitamin Therapy," from Karpát Publishing Co., Box 5348, Cleveland, Ohio 44101

You've Got Rhythm

Q: Maybe you can give me some information about biorhythms. Are there really three invariable cycles that start at birth? Could a rhythm chart really forecast my high and low points?

—*Don, address withheld*

A: *The evidence for biorhythms was reported in several massive statistical studies conducted early in this century by pioneers Herman Swoboda, Wilhelm Fliess and Hans Frueh. Today factories and public transportation companies, especially in Europe and Japan, have greatly reduced accident rates by issuing workers notice of their critical days predicted by biorhythm computers. But tests of the concept vary. University of Nebraska biologist James Fix correlated baseball players' performance for a whole season and found no significant relationship. But computer man Robert Hambley of St. Petersburg, Fla., found most no-hitters seem to be pitched on a critical day in the hurler's physical rhythm*

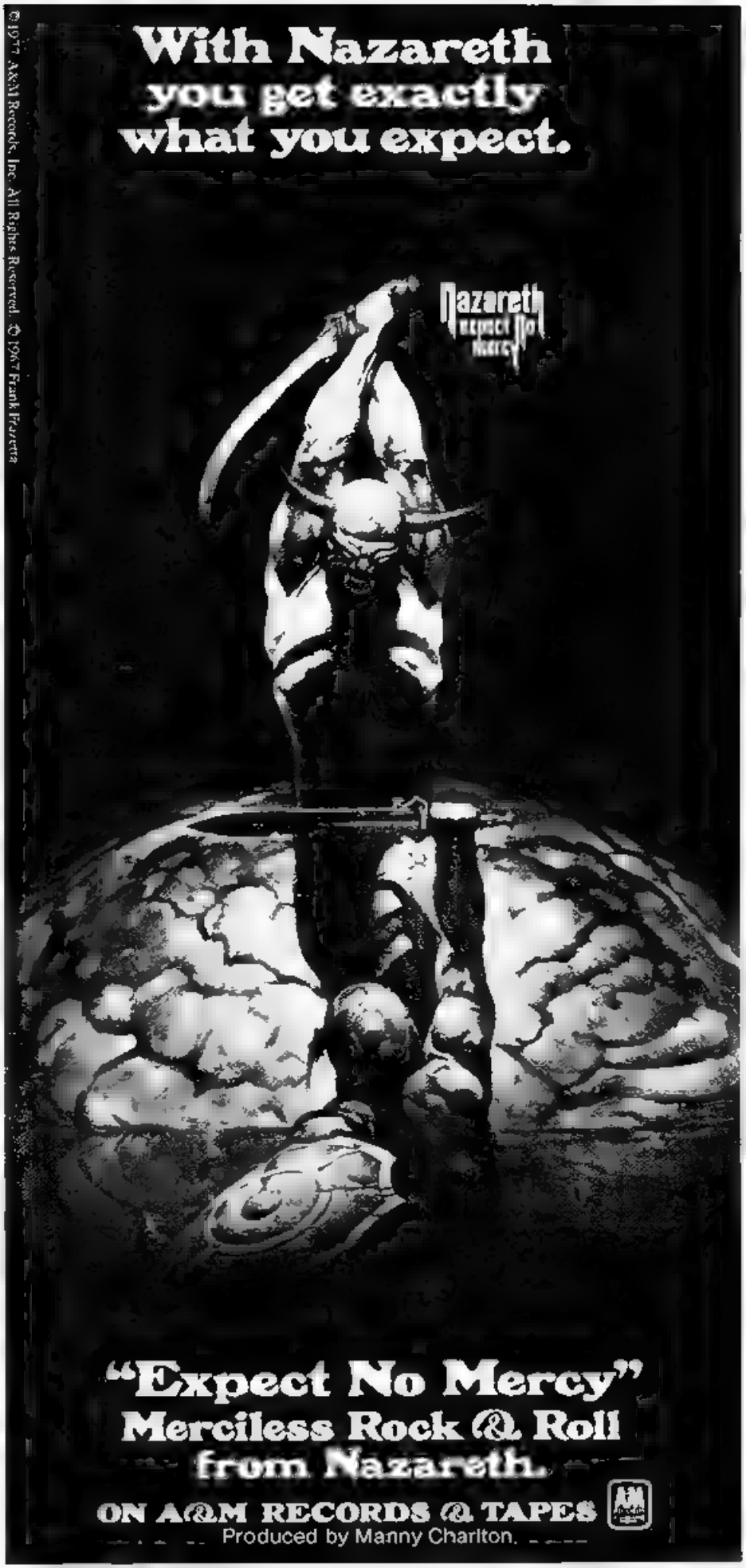
Fleurs d'Allures

Q: As I was bringing in the sheaves of my female flowers last autumn, I got to thinking about the heady, sensuous aroma. Is there any home kitchen method of making it into perfume?

—*Hoyt Torborg, Scalp Level, Pa*

A: *Enfleurage, a simple French perfumiers' trick, uses the ability of animal fats to absorb odors. Melt pure lard over low heat, then pour the cooling fat into matching pairs of glass dishes. After it solidifies, cross-hatch it with a knife. Then gather ye flowers when freshest, night bloomers after dark and day posies at the crack of dawn. Put two inches of petals only (no chlorophyll) in one dish, add spices or citrus rind if desired, invert the matching dish over it and seal with tape. Change flowers every day for a week, then chop the fat and fill a glass bottle half-full of the odoriferous grease (pomade). Fill with rubbing alcohol or 90-percent ethyl, hide it in a dark closet for three months, shake occasionally and then strain the alcohol through a fine sieve. It must be "fixed" to retard evaporation by using oil of sandalwood or oil of cedarwood, about three or four drops per half-cup of essence.*

Questions on all topics will be considered for "Forum," including all highs, sex, health, law, science, technology, music, etc. Only those of most interest can be answered. Be specific for most accurate responses. Anonymous queries are accepted ■



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Dolphin Fucking

Fucking species other than human has been cursed and punished with torture and death since prehistoric times. Lust for animals is the outlaw passion, and perhaps rightfully so, since in its cruder manifestations it takes advantage of the easily aroused ardor of dumber creatures. To force an innocent ewe to suck your cock, to ram a heifer from behind, to take 16 inches of aroused horse or spread your legs to the family dog are not notable sexual accomplishments.

Perhaps the greatest sexual adventure possible is dolphin fucking. This falls beyond the pale of bestiality, for dolphins are caring and uncanny partners whose lust as well as intelligence matches the human. To cum with a dolphin is not the cruel human rape of an inferior species that stains the image of most animal loves.

But let's get it straight right now. We are not talking about feeding bait to Flipper in order to force a demeaning kiss. Genuine aquatic erotics connote special love with an animal. You must be chosen by a dolphin, you must get known. But the cut of your wet suit counts for nothing. There are no such things as singles reefs where horny dolphins look for well-endowed scuba divers. Aquatic erotics are as fluid as the medium of their performance: a consent between two species who delight in fucking their brains out—differences in brain size notwithstanding. (When did it count in human sex, anyway?)

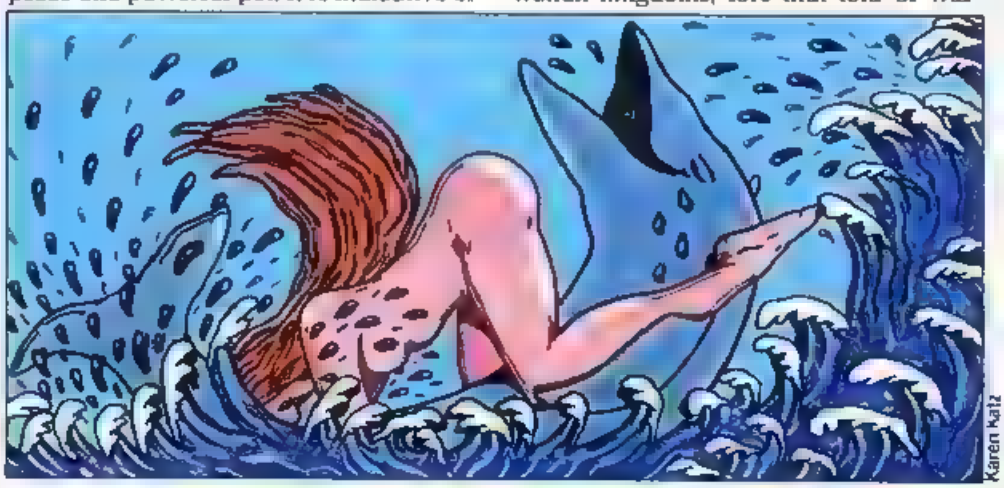
The following confession of sex with a dolphin came to us unsolicited. The account was penned by a woman journalist who settled on Maui for the productive peace and powerful pot. It is indicative of the way humans and their watery counterparts can pleasure each other and is presented here in the hopes of exposing humanity to the potential for love and satisfaction from interspecies sex.

My scuba lessons in the city were the only sensual highs I had until I moved to Maui. God, I loved the way my wet suit would feel when the water would completely engorge it—especially if the water was cold. The silence excited my entire body, and I tightened my tank restraints so my cunt would get delightful little squeezes as I gurgled around. When I accepted an offer to house- and boat-sit, I brought my scuba gear along and planned to perfect my diving in waters bluer than Windex. I would ride out in the inboard and search for the finest places to swim.

"For several weeks I was left alone to explore my bit of the Pacific. That is, until I began to receive the attentions of a lone male dolphin. For the first several days I found his straying toward me rather frightening, though in my dreams and fantasies I'd imagined myself riding naked atop his smooth, curving hump, leaping billows of surf and sea spray like a wild Botticelli goddess. The look I perceived in those immense, knowing eyes was certainly not threatening. I read only that curiosity I'd often see in human male's eyes when I'd stop in a bar alone at night. The dolphin wanted me in a sexual way, and when I finally allowed him to nuzzle my breasts and crotch ever-so-gently with his snout and flanks, I felt urges in myself that I knew were unusual if not downright sinful.

"I wrapped my legs strongly around the widening part of his body, held his flippers tight and placed my head up against his."

"Careful not to betray my growing fascination with mounting the dolphin for a ride, I asked new friends around the island about the legends of the old Hawaiian kingdoms, lore that told of war-



Karen Katz

riors and *wahinis* who would chose cetacean mates—or vice versa—and ride far off the coast, straddling the aquatic denizens like splendid, sensual centaurs. Several obscure stories hinted at half-human creatures spawned from the odd couplings between friends turned lovers. A diet of these tales, the undeniable attention of the male dolphin and lots of the local wowie weed had my desires in a swim. I desperately wanted to grab hold of this giant male creature and plunge through the waves atop—or even under—its perfect form. To roll my cunt against a creature of such beauty and grace, perhaps even take its dolphin cock into me in some way, seemed the highest erotic rush imaginable.

"It seems silly in retrospect, but I let him make the first move. It had to be that way, he was so much quicker and somehow more aware of what was happening. In his element, he reigned supreme. He loved it when I'd tickle him around the location of his cock with the bubbles that rushed from my mouthpiece. Apparently I was the experienced old lady, for he'd sometimes draw back shyly, with his handsome tail curling behind him. But then he'd return for more, and I would cajole with more bubbles and scrapes from my flippers. I coaxed him to allow me to mount him, but he kept holding out. He'd bump me harshly at times or take advantage of me, keeping me from the surface by ushering me horizontally in the water and making me hang on to his underside until he'd had his way. I soon realized how he wanted it to be: I had to *give him head* in order to ride him. We were a perfect physical match by now, attuned to every twitch and change in mood, and we were able to swim unbothered by others, completely and utterly alone.

"It was a challenge too wonderful to deny, and I met it. He swam more delicately than ever before, almost coasting on the currents of the Pacific, hunching through the surface contemplatively as I slid off my face mask and teased his cock with my air bubbles. I then began to breathe air from the mouthpiece as it worked up close to his strange pointed organ, now aroused and full of dolphin gush. Finally, I started to take quick wild licks at it between gulps of air, all the while hanging on for dear life. I was licking when he came in a long, soupy stream that flavored my lips with a deep sea nectar. I felt utterly blessed! He chittered delightedly and flung himself rocket-like out of the sea, propelling himself along the surface, backwards with his tail, finally easing up to me submissively from behind. I wrapped my legs strongly around the widening part of his body, held his flippers tight and placed my head up against his. Our brains were in synch, I felt utterly mingled with this erotic intelligence from the deep. He was my sea angel. Then the ride began."—*Ed Dwyer* ■

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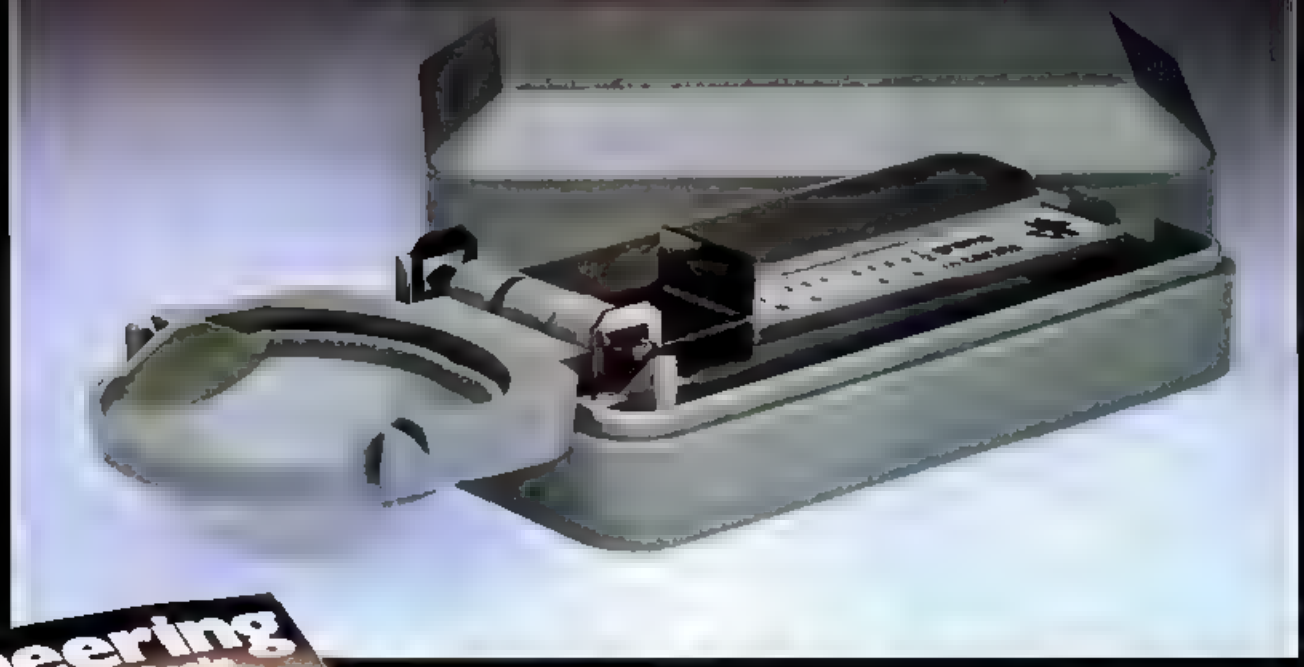

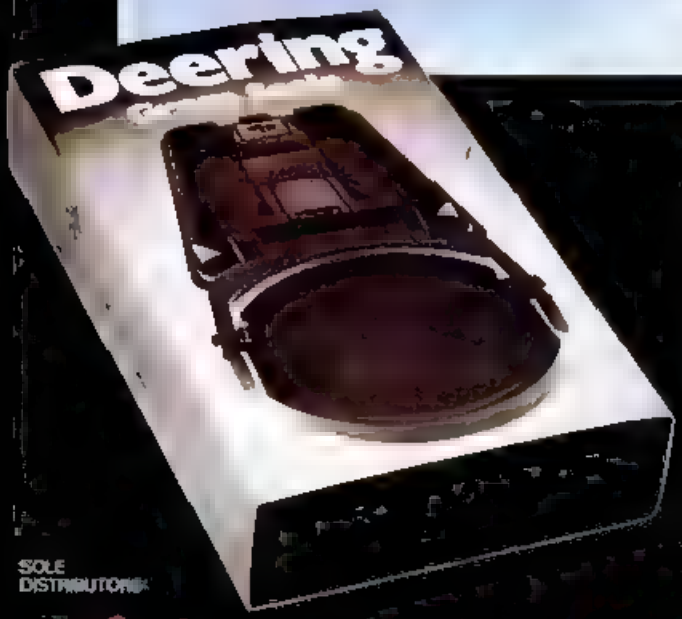

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New Hope for Nonprogressive FM

Until the late Sixties, the distinction between AM and FM radio existed only in an electronic sense. With America's rise to 100-percent tube-ownership in the golden age of television, radio abandoned its own live programming in the early Fifties to make way for an intensive play-list format aimed at the car-listening audience. The hegemony of the Muzak mind was challenged now and then by an imaginative disc- or talk-jock like Murray the K, Wolfman Jack or Long John Nebel. But for all real, or rather commercial, purposes, radio in the Fifties and early Sixties was synonymous with hard-sell boredom, not excluding the rock stations that observed strict industry standards of acceptable programming.

Chuck Berry became a nonperson for nearly 15 years because of these mores after his conviction for a sex offense that wouldn't ruffle even Ms.'s feathers today. To the best of my recollection, which is porous, his crime was not unlike the Sin of Roman Polanski. Anyway, radio in these years was simply an invisible ecological fact of life: listened to by all, heard by few. This changed dramatically in the late Sixties when the FCC issued new rulings requiring station owners to cease duplicating program content on their AM and FM air spaces. Progressive FM was legislated onto the air.

Well do I remember the radio revolution of those years. There was Meatball Fulton down in Baltimore, whose audio comedies matched the best of "Amos 'n' Andy." There was Bob Fass's "Radio Unnameable" in New York, its theme song "Tomorrow is Forever" from *Revolver*: "Turn off your mind, relax and float downstream [jungle noises, car horns, party talk], it is not dyyyyyyyyyyyy-iiiiiiiiiinnnngggggggg. . ." It was the unofficial yippie radio station. There was Rosko on New York's WPIX, reading at hallucinatory length from Kahlil Gibran, a practice soon terminated by the station management by switching to Top 40. Rosko went to WNEW, where he, Scott Muni, Alison Steele and Jonathan Schwartz pioneered the creation of laid-back mellowness as the *sine qua non* of the doper lifestyle. There were many more across the nation, and if I have not mentioned your own favorites I trust you will pause for a moment to remember those thrilling days of yesteryear on your own time.

Many of my colleagues fondly remember the time Larry Yurdin masterminded Godard College's infamous Alternative Media Conference in 1970. Yurdin conned the record companies and FM stations into underwriting a get-together of underground press and—as it was then—radio "people" at the verdant dope capital of Vermont, and the pompous conference degenerated right on schedule into one of the finest acid parties ever thrown. "The Rich Man's Woodstock," as it was known, was chronicled at length in Rolling Stone, whose staff, as one example of the needless expense Yurdin went to to ensure a fine time, was flown in on a charter jet with the Grateful Dead. As late as 1973 I can recollect fistfights over who was the best progressive FM DJ in Philadelphia.

FM's mold of mellowness has become as secure and standardized as elevator music.

Yes, these were fine times. But today we know, wherever we go, there hath past away a glory from the radio. Since then, "progressive" FM's mold of mellowness has become as set, secure and standardized a mood as elevator music; vanguard rock is dictated by its own play list (the top 400), and the fickle but persistent passions of Sixties radicalism that once ensured an element of surprise on youth-run stations have long since trickled out. The voice of Lou Irwin is heard across the land.

Larry Kramer

Larry Yurdin

Friends, I'm here to tell you that progressive FM is alive and receiving its most exciting new twist in many years. It's **The Planet**, a syndicated interview program created by such elder statespersons of prog as Yurdin and Chris Stanley, who've gone through just about every big step FM has taken in the last decade. The show, which went on 150 stations recently, is the most interesting departure radio journalism has taken since Edward R. Murrow broadcast the Battle of Britain live as the bombs fell. A segment of "The Planet" contains a brief interview with one of the leading personages of our day, not excluding rock stars, and manages in a brief span of airtime to express the quintessential ideas of that individual and share them with the humblest listener.

Larry Kramer

Chris Stanley

"'The Planet' is a giant step in innovative FM," producer Stanley says. "Our interviews with writers and performers like Randy Newman, Jessica Mitford, Donovan, George Carlin and many others are real breakthroughs in broadcast journalism. We're producing shows that local stations just can't produce for themselves, yet each show becomes an integral part of the local station's own format. Syndication means that local media can offer coverage on the national and indeed the global scale that they can't afford by themselves."

Stanley's right hand man is famous party-giver Larry Yurdin, who is also interviewer, producer and programmer of unusual acumen. "We're going to eat Lou Irwin and 'Clairol Earth News' alive. We're going to do in 5 minutes what 'King Biscuit Flower Hour' doesn't do in 60. We're going to annihilate the play list and the blacklist. And we're all going to have a good time and maybe make a little money on the side."

The station that carries "The Planet" in your area is easy to find. If you read *High Times*, you probably already listen to the rockingest station around. What more can anyone possibly ask from radio? More Ted Nugent? —Gilbert Choate

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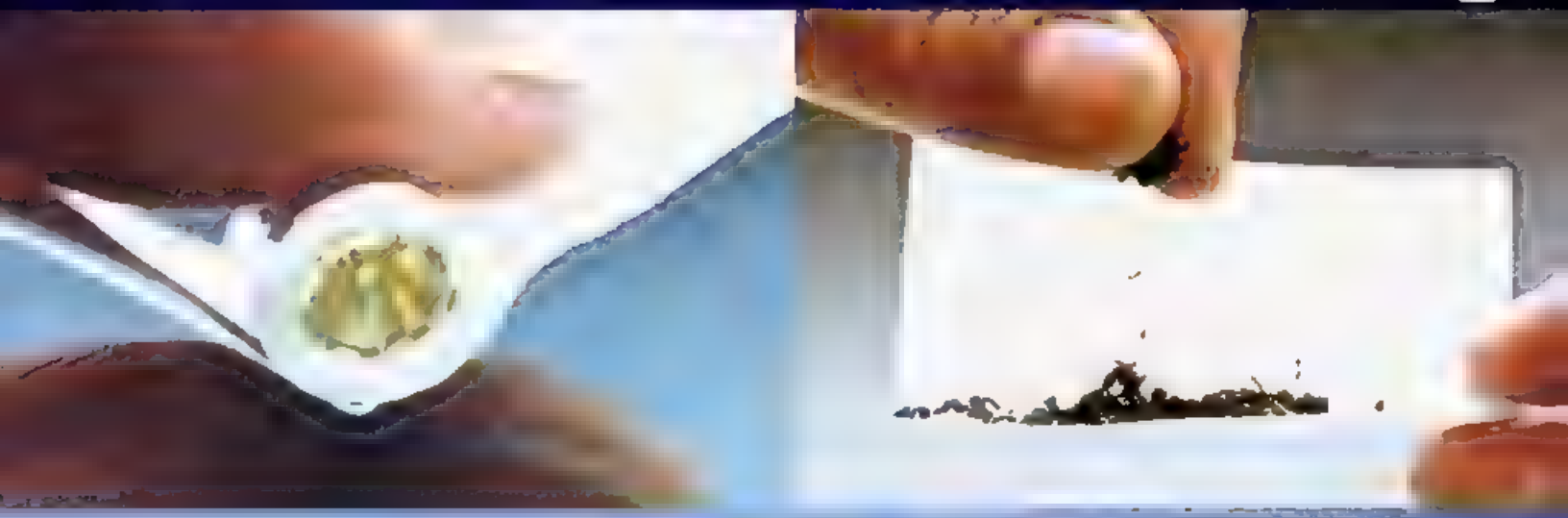

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HIGH WITNESS NEWS
Feb. '78 No. 30

Three Dead in Latest Blitz

Border War Threatens Pot Harvest

GUANARE, VENEZUELA—A border war between Colombia and Venezuela has erupted over a 75-by-12-mile strip of multinationally owned marijuana plantations along the Perija mountains. Colombian and American dope farmers here planted some 2,500 acres of pot ready for export, thus bringing the total marijuana crop throughout northwestern South America to a staggering 100,000 acres, according to estimates by the Colombian Justice Ministry.

The fighting began when a Venezuelan army patrol skirmished with Colombian civilians six miles inside Colombian territory. One Colombian and two Venezuelans were killed, a lieutenant losing his head to a Colombian machete.

General Dario Morillo Andrade, commander of the Venezuelan army's Second Brigade based in Maracaibo, said his men had been "chasing drug traffickers." The general then revealed that he was trying to wipe out a Colombian grass-growing group and was already destroying their fields.

The Second Brigade is part of the Venezuelan Special Forces Battalion (*Batallón Cazadores*). When formed, its purpose was given as "the persecution and destruction of armed bands in *and outside* Venezuelan territory."

Colombia protested the border incident and then backtracked, saying there is an agreement between the two countries for coordinated action against dope producers, though government officials suggest this is bullshit.

General Morillo said that at present, hundreds of hilltops and valleys are profiting from the prime growing conditions in the area.

The dope bushes are well spread and show signs of pruning for potency. Averaging ten feet high, they have 20 to 30 buds on the upper branches and fewer but bigger ones on the lower, all dusted with a silver sparkle. The fine, slender leaves and high proportion of buds are not typical of Colombian varieties and look more like Thai.

But this could be a once-only smoke. Helicopters from the Second Brigade are relentlessly cruising the mountains and spraying the dope with Tordon 101, a Vietnam-tested selective defoliant. Where the terrain is too risky for choppers, infantry patrols are out, pulling it up plant by plant for burning.

Destruction on the Colombian side is less effective: three DEA donated helicopters cannot be used for spraying because they were delivered without tanks, pumps and nozzles, while the first 1,000 acres chopped down in the Rio Tapias area have already sprung up again. Instead, each state is to have a "mobile unit" with two hand-carried defoliant sprays. It will take at least six years of full-time spraying by this method to poison all the pot in Colombia.

More serious, however, is the calling up of the Colombian armed forces. Air Force Mirage jets have been used to force down suspect planes with warning bursts of machine-gun fire. The Colombian navy used a destroyer and a fast patrol boat to hit a freighter and three lighters off the Guajira. 25 tons of grass were scored.

The weed is under pressure, and it looks like the days of plentiful supplies of low-priced, high-quality Colombian are numbered.

Aerial view of marijuana field and plantation house. *More photos on page 23.*

Narc Troops Airlifted In

CARACAS, VENEZUELA—Specially equipped Venezuelan army troops have been airlifted into the border town of Zulia to assist narcotics agents in the marijuana-eradication campaign now being waged on the Colombian frontier. A large contingent of special forces, under the direction of Defense Minister Fernando Paredes Bello, has been ordered to rip, burn or chemically destroy as much marijuana as is possible.

Dubbed Operation Anti-Marijuana by Defense Department officials here, the multi-level search-and-destroy operation is the second such campaign in a year. Venezuelan troops put the torch to a 2,500-acre plantation, the largest ever found in the country, but growers here claim their operation will be in full swing by the middle of 1978.

In the wake of the Venezuelan action, Colombian Justice Minister Cesar Gomez Estrada announced plans for a new anti-pot law that will affect the frontier zone. The law provides for land used in marijuana cultivation to be appropriated by the government. Estrada said the total area of marijuana in the Guajira alone is over 50,000 acres, with similar cultivations in Vichada and surrounding areas.

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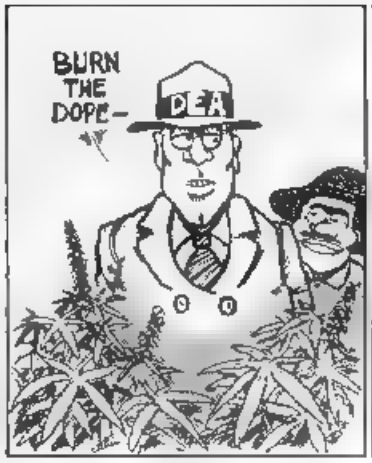

DEA War Plan Nixed

by A. Craig Copetas

Colombia has shelved indefinitely the Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA) scheme to eradicate thousands of acres of Colombian marijuana with lethal herbicides banned in the U.S.

The attempt to spray Colombia's northeastern gold belt was somewhat embarrassing to the DEA, which neglected to ship nozzles and hoses required to carry out the aerial bombardment of marijuana fields.

Ministry sources in Bogota confided to *High Times* that Colombian officials "on every level" were "outraged by DEA's attempt to convince (us) to destroy a crop with such great economic potential"

A highly placed State Department official in Washington added that at no time was it the department's intention to pressure Colombia into destroying marijuana fields under provisions outlined under the International Narcotics Control Program (INCP), which channels funds to foreign countries to curtail dope production

"We never promoted this idea," said the source "We have also told the DEA not to promote this type of action"

The State Department's INCP was established at the height of the Nixon administration in 1971, two years before the creation of DEA. A cabinet-level committee chaired by the secretary of state and including the director of the CIA oversees the program

Since 1971 the INCP has funneled over $200 million in equipment to Southeast Asia and Latin America for the eradication of a variety of drugs. The DEA operates under policy guidance of the INCP but has mavericked certain operations without the consent of INCP

Colombian outrage against DEA spraying came only days after a Colombian Business Association (CBA) study reported that the country's minimum wage was $1.47 per eight-hour day for rural hands and $1 72 for industrial workers. These figures illustrate the underlying causes of last fall's violent 24-hour strike, which was called by Colombian trade union federations to back demands for a substantial all-around increase in salaries.

The CBA study showed the average Colombian worker would have to work 200 hours a week to earn enough to cover basic living expenses. However, groups dealing in the marijuana industry estimate that a campesino grower working independently can earn as much as $5,000 a marijuana acre. Official estimates put Colombia's 1977 marijuana take at over $1 5 billion

But despite the bonanza brought on by high world marijuana and coffee prices and the slower rate of inflation, the government of President Alfonso Lopez Michelsen has refused to increase wages.

As this is an election year, the trade unions, who have openly discussed legal marijuana, criticized Lopez's short-sighted policy, which it said had led to the "current inability to meet the basic needs of our people."

The trade unions, in what a ministry source described as a "calculated move towards marijuana legalization," demanded the government begin an aggressive drive to open up new job opportunities.

"With the excellent quality of our marijuana," praised Colombia's leading coffee exporter Leonidas Londono, "we should begin to encourage exporting it," Londono added that growing and exporting the multi-billion dollar weed could do much to build up the sagging economy of the Lopez government.

13 Executed in Bloody Mexican Prison Riot

by John Christ

GUADALAJARA, MEXICO—Hundreds of imprisoned Mexicans in the Jalisco State Prison here recently executed 13 inmates who acted as agents of the prison administration. Some 17 American pot prisoners inside the fortresslike penitentiary that holds 2,300 men did not join in the three-day eruption. At least five Americans were injured.

A statement signed by 400 rebel inmates dubbed the killings "justice" and not "criminal." The prisoners demanded better food, work opportunities, medical service and living conditions. Over 600 Americans imprisoned in Mexico have repeatedly complained of primitive living conditions and payoffs to Mexican inmates working for prison officials. There was speculation inside the prison that one or more Americans assisted the Mexican rebels in composing their statement.

The slain agent prisoners enjoyed a privileged status as "coordinators" for the Jalisco prison administration. Their names were on a death list drawn up by the rebels, and they were executed with handmade prison knives. Sources here indicated that rebel leaders were members of the 23rd of September guerrilla organization, a radical cadre that opposes the regime of President Jose Lopez Portillo and supports the demands of Mexico's 3.5 million landless peasants. The rebels, who later surrendered to prison authorities, said the coordinators abused their authority by beatings and extortion.

The mutilated bodies of Mexican agent-prisoners clutter the entrance to Jalisco Prison.

Border War *Story on page 21*

Venezuelan troop copter touches down near grass fields.

Chopper narc displays his catch.

Indians Battle Growers

BOGOTA. Some 20,000 members of the Kogui, Ijca and Arzario Indian tribes in Colombia have complained of increasing threats and pressures to force them to cede lands for marijuana plantations, *High Times* has learned.

Official estimates suggest that nearly 7,500 acres of land designated as national forest reserve on the slopes of the Santa Marta mountains are already growing cannabis.

The Indian tribes, already forced off the better lower altitude lands, have become the victims of bitter poverty, which has made them more amenable to cash offers that are often backed up with displays of weaponry.

The Ijca and Kogui have long traditions of coca chewing but have attempted to resist infiltration by would-be purchasers of coca leaves for refining. Climate and location make marijuana farming a far more profitable operation.

No deaths have been reported in this latest attempt to gain more marijuana-producing lands in the rich growing belt north of Bogota, but sources indicate that if payoffs are not forthcoming, the police and army intend to increase search-and-destroy actions.

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O Prices Skyrocket

TACHILEK, BURMA—The wholesale price of Burmese opium is climbing at the local markets, driven by inflation, stepped up DEA-financed defoliation programs and the disbandment of many jungle-based guerrilla groups who transported raw opium to the Bangkok market. At the same time, growers' profits are being slashed by brokers paying less than half of last year's price to farmers.

On the Bangkok market opium sells to retailers for $38 a pound, an increase of $2 from last year. Burmese and Chinese opium brokers now pay growers $8 a pound, compared to $19 last year. The price of border opium grown on the Burma-Thai frontier has dropped from $23 to $15.50 a pound during the last 11 months.

Although opium production in the Golden Triangle generally has dropped, there is still enough to meet the demands of Western markets. Government sources claim that the 1976-1977 season netted only 250 tons of marketable Burmese opium, compared to 450 tons harvested during 1974-1975.

The reason for the sagging opium economy is not so much narcotics enforcement as the dismemberment of various insurgent groups whose operations were financed by opium sales.

Despite claims to neutrality in the Dope War, Burma two years ago accepted 18 American helicopters to be used exclusively in defoliation projects. However, the choppers are being used now to eradicate guerrilla opponents of the Rangoon government.

Local politicians, maintaining that a close link between opium production and the guerrillas poses a serious security threat, broke their neutrality stance and accepted the helicopters and one troop transport plane.

The Burma narc battle plan includes destruction of opium crops, armed attacks on opium caravans entering Thailand and intensified border patrols geared at wiping out guerrilla groups and opium in one fell swoop. However, DEA and Burma narcs have had difficulty in getting cooperation from the Thai government, which is ultimately necessary to curtail production. Thai troops and government officials have found it easier and more profitable to ally themselves with the opium overlords.

Costa Rica Escalates Dope Attacks

SAN JOSE, COSTA RICA—This small Central American nation that serves as a staging area for marijuana and cocaine shipments to the U.S. busted 833 persons on drug import/export charges in the first six months of 1977.

The official Narcotics Department release, printed on stationery embossed with the motto "Drugs Destroy Your Mind," stated that 43 of those arrested were foreigners.

Although arrests were staggering, seizures were considered minimal. Narcs busted only 48 pounds of marijuana, 6.5 pounds of cocaine, 403 pot plants, 20 grams of hash and 5,406 joints.

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Thais Burn Stick Supply

BANGKOK—Thailand contributed another chapter to dope history recently when the government invited diplomats and journalists to witness a costly bonfire. Nourishing the flames were some 283 kilos of heroin, 867 kilos of amphetamines and over 2,500 kilos of freshly made Thai sticks.

"There it goes," exclaimed one police official in despair while watching the flames. "We could have sold it, and I would have a private yacht by now."

Some 43 agents of the Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA) and a number of European narcs are currently working with the Thai government to stem the flow of sticks and smack to the U.S. The Thais believe only 3 percent of the drug traffic was intercepted in 1977.

Cambodian drug officials missed no opportunity to assure the world that they are doing their best to wipe out their country's major cash crops. They claim that 1 percent of the Thai population is addicted to some kind of drug and 37 percent of the country's crimes are drug-related.

Dieter Ludwig/SIPA Press

Soldiers pour gasoline on tons of Thai sticks packed in U.S. detergent cartons.

Dieter Ludwig/SIPA Press

Thai infantrymen hurl sacks of sticks into the roaring inferno.

Crackdown Stalls Thai Trade

BANGKOK: Over 1,000 people a month are being arrested here on suspicion of exporting large quantities of exotic Southeast Asian dope. Most are set free after grueling interrogations, but significant numbers are being held for trial.

Many of those currently awaiting trial are alleged members of the Chang K'ai-chen gang, which has been named in the U.S. Congress as one of the largest exporters of Thai sticks and opium for smoking.

The crackdown has momentarily halted dope traffic in Thailand. Reports indicate that vast quantities are being warehoused near the Thai-Burmese border because Chang K'ai-chen dealers are afraid to move it south.

In the wake of the crackdown the new opium crop is being planted, with hill farmers scattering poppy seeds under the eyes of international narcotics agents.

There is a tacit agreement that no narc action be taken against opium production until after the harvest leaves the village of production. Then northern Thailand becomes a free-for-all, with opium caravans quietly eluding narc squads from Bangkok.

Thailand produced well over 50 tons of opium in 1977, a drop of about 15 tons from 1976. The falling output is related to United Nations and DEA efforts to persuade the country's Meo tribesmen to switch to other crops.

But the government has decreed that the hill tribes must be allowed to grow opium, their only source of cash, until other viable cash crops can be found for them. To date no such crop has been found.

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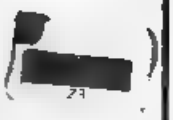

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Sinsemilla Comes to Santa Barbara

by John Andrew Quinn

SANTA BARBARA—After last fall's sinsemilla harvest, growers here feel their bounty should be included in the 1978 edition of *Ripley's Believe It or Not.*

"You grow it the same way you grow rosebushes by the seaside," said one cultivator whose small plot yielded five pounds of pungent seedless dripping with potent resin. "There's a grower on the other side of the canyon who claims you can get high by just smelling his crop, but I couldn't vouch for that."

The bulk of Santa Barbara's six-ton harvest, according to growers, was immediately trucked 90 miles south to Los Angeles, where a brisk marijuana market blooms at the end of every year.

Most of the high-potency weed here is grown throughout the maze of canyons north of Santa Barbara. Although this year's multi-colored harvest was considered a bumper crop, prices bounced between $100-$140 an ounce.

Farmers attribute the high-quality weed to Santa Barbara's Mediterranean climate, which pampers pot with long hours of sunlight, cool nights and semitropical moisture.

"Because of the weather," explained a multi-acre farmer, "much of our crop is perennial. We just prune and trim it year after year.

"But regardless of technique (annual or perennial)," added the farmer holding a stainless steel rose pruner, "what makes the crop are seeds that have been acclimatized for several generations."

Oldtimers here tell tall tales of Santa Barbara's first marijuana harvest in the mid-Sixties, when a handful of people openly cultivated tiny terraces of mystery marijuana sprouted from whatever seeds were available. Today plots are carefully hidden between other crops, and growers frequently meet to discuss the future of California's newest cash crop.

"The one advantage we have over foreign pot of equal potency is curing," said a grower who harvested 480-odd pounds of sinsemilla and Thai grass last autumn.

"We hang the tops upside down in a warm place with good ventilation for three days. Then we place them with great care on drying screens or racks where the warm air can circulate through the pot for a week or more. If there is no wind we use a fan.

"I have found foreign growers do not have the time for this process," she added. "That's not to say Latin and Asian pot isn't potent, but we put more emphasis on curing. We like our pot to sparkle."

Federal Coke Report a Hoax

by A. Craig Copetas

Six days before the release of its four-year, $4-million report on cocaine, the National Institute on Drug Abuse (NIDA) approved a $117,725 study that dubbed the current state of knowledge concerning the substance "primitive," according to privileged NIDA memos released to *High Times*.

The study, entitled "Cocaine: The Effects and Modifications of Euphoria in Man," was unanimously approved by the NIDA review committee, even though it will essentially duplicate experiments that have already been made in NIDA's exhaustive "Cocaine: 1977" study, which belies the notion that little is known about coke.

This "crisis of information" is typical of the way scientific work is translated by the drug bureaucracy into laws that bear little relationship to reality. Calling the current state of cocaine knowledge "primitive" is a ploy for gaining research funds.

Indeed, in the foreword to NIDA's book on coke, Director Robert DuPont termed the current knowledge "modest," thus treading that thin line between calling expensive and monumental research worthless and saying it was so good no more money was needed.

This language represents the same political footballing that has been going on with pot for decades. More is known about grass than almost any other drug, yet it's still so "mysterious" millions are siphoned into the DEA, courts, prisons and laboratories to study it.

DEA blimps may soon support Coast Guard cutters patrolling America's eastern dope coast to stop pot freighters before they reach port

Blimp Patrol Proposed

Narcs Attack New England Coast

A special grand jury has been impaneled in Providence, Rhode Island, to investigate marijuana entering the state. The panel is a response to the seizure of 14 marijuana freighters captured in 1977 with nearly 100 tons of pot destined for New England

The New England coast has blossomed into a 600-mile unpatrolled docking area for marijuana convoys. The freighters bypass heavy Coast Guard and DEA patrols off the nation's southern coast and steam north for the rocky and sometimes deserted shores of New England

Sources in Washington claim the DEA has no plans to beef up New England narc power but will instead create a special task force concentrating on an investigation of owners of the seized ships.

There has also been talk of creating a special DEA blimp squad consisting of five modern dirigibles equipped with radar and other electronic devices to spot marijuana convoys. Plans indicate the DEA blimp narcs would cover an area from Key West, Florida, to Nova Scotia, Canada

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Pot Supermart Busted

SAN FRANCISCO—The once thriving Big Top marijuana supermarket—for three years an outlet where customers could get anything from $25-per-ounce Mexican to $200 Thai—has been busted by narcs here.

Alleged Big Top proprietor Dennis Peron, 31, received a bullet wound in the leg during the nightfall raid on the 11-room Eureka Valley apartment that housed Big Top.

The market, which usually operated on a strict referral basis, had begun to relax security and started to rely more on good faith. Consequently, police say an ounce of pot and 20 hits of LSD were sold to a female narc in the space of a week. "I thought her vibes were good," said Peron.

During the raid, Peron was shot after he allegedly dropped a five-gallon glass bottle down a flight of stairs, hitting a narc on the head. The agent, who claims he heard someone holler, "he's got a gun," opened fire.

The Bronx-born Peron is pleading not guilty to the charges and plans to base his defense on the miracle ounce, referring to that quantity of pot possible to possess under California law without committing a felony.

Files and business letterheads were confiscated with an undetermined amount of marijuana at Big Top, which served an estimated 5,000–6,000 active customers. The market netted over $20,000 a year, with most of the profits being ploughed back into the community, according to Peron.

The marijuana emporium was open from nine to five, six days a week and offered numerous services to its customers, including sample merchandise, quantities available from half-ounces to pounds and hassle-free environs.

Big Top's sampling chamber featured cushions, plants, tapestries and scales where tabletop pot was weighed before the customer's eyes.

"There were five or six different kinds of pot, from very upper Colombian to very low Mexican," said Peron, who reportedly invested part of Big Top's profits into an organic restaurant. "The price was right. There was no dickering and no one was getting gypped."

Peron is hoping for a landmark jury trial, in which the community's true feelings about marijuana can be expressed. His reputation in the area is that of a good-willed community organizer.

"He's the opposite of a profiteer," said one local merchant who knew Peron. "I've seen his money and energy go back to the community."

Doper Cripple Gets 21 Years

A Virginia court has sentenced a 27-year-old quadriplegic to 21 years in prison for allegedly selling one third of an ounce of marijuana and five "sleeping pills" to a Pittsylvania County undercover narc. Robert Moore, who was unable to carry out the sale because of his crippled arms, allegedly instructed a friend of his to hand the stash to the narc and collect the money. The pair was promptly busted.

County Prosecutor George A. Jones, Jr. agreed with Judge Carrington Thompson, who imposed a $25,000 appeal bond. Moore was whisked away under tight security to the Virginia State Prison in Richmond. Reports from the prison state that Moore, who is confined to a wheelchair, is receiving "little or no medical care" for his condition. Jones claimed that Moore's paralysis was a direct result of smoking pot.

Moore and a friend were experimenting with a gun two years ago when it misfired, crippling Moore. Jones claims that Moore was stoned at the time.

Moore's new attorney Martin Donelson, who is being assisted in the appeal by the ACLU and NORML Chief Counsel Peter Meyers, had a difficult time convincing Judge Thompson to reduce the appeal bond to $10,000.

"He was able to sell drugs," said Jones in response to complaints about the severity of the sentence imposed on the crippled Moore. "He deserves to be in prison. He broke the law. The community is safe." Another Pittsylvania County prosecutor described Moore as a "menace to the community."

"This is clearly an example of outrageous sentencing," said Meyers, who intends to file a "friend of the court" brief on Moore's behalf. "There is also an affidavit being filed that Moore did not commit the offense, which opens up a whole new avenue of defense," said Meyers.

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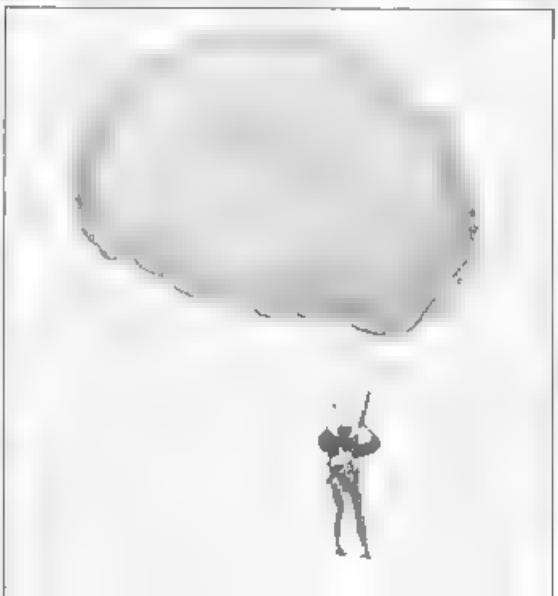
Interview

Michael O'Donoghue

The comic genius behind the National Lampoon and "Saturday Night Live" talks about dope, jokes, Jesus, Chevy Chase and his new movie "Planet of the Cheap Special Effects"

by Susan Wyler



Like Mark Twain and James Thurber Michael O'Donoghue is the greatest American humorist of his day, a mastermind of the National Lampoon and NBC's "Saturday Night Live." Millions laugh at O'Donoghue's wit, while glamorous actresses, gorgeous models and star-struck groupies fight for this man's slightest attention, or so he would like people to believe.

O'Donoghue burst on the humor scene in the early Sixties, writing parodies for the ultrahip Evergreen Review. His satirical science-fiction comic book, Phoebe Zeit-Geist, about the adventures of a gorgeous female corpse in outer space, is now a priceless collectors' item. His late-Sixties bestseller The Rock, about the adventures of a rock, spawned a decade of pet rock jokes. O'Donoghue even put together a slick fan's program book for the Chicago conspiracy trial.

One of the original founders of the National Lampoon, O'Donoghue soon became the most famous practitioner of the magazine's outrageous and merciless satire. O'Donoghue created the "National Lampoon Radio Hour," which served as a prototype for "Saturday Night Live" (same cast, same format and a few of the same jokes). When he left the Lampoon, the magazine received letters from Thomas Pynchon, Jackie Onassis, some ex-Nazis in Paraguay and thousands of fans complaining that the 'Poon would never be the same. But for Michael, it was the beginning of a great career on TV.

Now recognized as the finest comedy writer of this age, O'Donoghue is still the same old guy. Currently writing a movie with Chevy Chase and planning a television show about television, he intends to go on getting as many dollars, girls and laughs as possible. In this exclusive interview, he talks about some of the things that really crack him up. Read it and find out why prime time is not quite ready for Michael O'Donoghue.

High Times: Were you always so funny?

O'Donoghue: I was pretty funny. My father did a minstrel show when I was about four that obviously was one of the turning points in my life. I got quite enraptured by his minstrel jokes. Why do mice have small balls? Because very few mice know how to dance. I find those very amusing jokes.

I once wanted to do a sketch about a bar where all the bar jokes come in. All the jokes you have ever seen in a bar. The guy that had the yellow dog that is actually an alligator. The prisoner who has been training the flea for 20 years, and the kangaroo that comes in and orders a martini and the bartender charges him $20 for it. And the one where the monkey gets his balls in this man's drink. The guy says, "Do you know your monkey has his balls in my martini?" and he says, "No, but if you hum a few bars I am sure I can fake it," or however that ends. All the jokes kind of pay off one right after another—just like dominoes clicking down the line. Like some brush fire.

High Times: Do you experiment with drugs a lot?

O'Donoghue: Yes. I have made significant breakthroughs, I think.

High Times: Oh, really? Any you would like to share?

O'Donoghue: I swear to Christ, one time on acid I could actually make the clouds into any shape I wanted and I would go "Shazam! A badger!"—and it would be a badger. And I would say, "Okay, shazam: A battleship! Whsss!"—and there has been nothing to prove that I actually didn't do this.

High Times: Now I understand why they said interview Michael O'Donoghue.

O'Donoghue: Yeah, Chevy can't make the clouds into anything. But to me it is like a galactic sketch pad.

High Times: What was your last acid trip like?

O'Donoghue: My last acid trip was very pleasant. I just giggled all night and played pool in the dark. Dumb things like that. Stumbled around and behaved like an asshole. The one before that, unfortunately, I fell off a mountain. I got this terrific scar right here. It is more something John Belushi would do. There was a party in Mexico, and I had acid, smoke, mushrooms and an illegal wine called ricea, which is made out of the roots of some tree. It is illegal to sell it in Mexico. It puts kind of a frosty blue glow around objects, and it's quite exciting. And then nitrous oxide.

"One time on acid I could actually make the clouds into any shape I wanted. Chevy can't make the clouds into anything."

So the combination of the five of them and I went right over the mountain for about 50 feet, like the kids who dive for the pearls in the waves, and really damaged my head pretty good. I just stood up and fell backwards. It was really a humiliating thing. Just like Fred MacMurray on drugs—really.

High Times: Do you think acid changes you?

O'Donoghue: Once, I remember thinking that everyone in Martinique was going to kill me in a ritual murder. I would have liked to hide in the banana fields, but I was afraid of the tarantulas more than them. I was stopping cars in the middle of the road and forcing them to give me rides to other towns—which became more and more frightening, as it so happened, than where I left. Not knowing the French or Spanish word for "massive units of Thorazine"—it's got to change you a little.

Do you know—remember the Oracle out of San Francisco? Totally acid newspaper—it was always yellow printed on purple printed on orange, and occasionally you would hit some word you could read and it would say *Krishna*.

High Times: Do you think there is a similarity between the *High Times* readership and the "Saturday Night Live" audience?

O'Donoghue: Oh, there is. In fact, Lorne [Michaels, producer of "Saturday Night Live"] has always said that we are counting on at least 80 percent of our viewers to be wrecked—really in Cuckooland. So the show is written with that in mind. It is not like we question a joke because we wrote it when we were stoned.

High Times: Do you think television appeals to the stoned personality?

O'Donoghue: Well, the pretty colors, you know, the big wave on "Hawaii Five-O" is one of my big rushes of the week. I just wish they would put the naturalist shows on about 1:30, when I really want to get into the Commodo Dragon slithering through the sands of God knows where. Some country with triangular postage stamps, you know. Actually it's about 2:00 in the afternoon right now—but I just got up. So what I did is, I smoked a lot of dope and took half a Quaa' just to kind of re-create the bright conditions I have about 2:00 in the morning. It's kind of a medical experiment.

High Times: Were you a television freak when you were a kid? "Saturday Night" seems like a parody of a lot of different . .

O'Donoghue: Well, I am 37 years old so I really came in through radio rather than anything else. Radio is fine. I did the "National Lampoon Radio Hour," and I have always wanted to do a radio show. They are quite exciting. Sound is very comforting. You can do enormous things with sound. If you want to do 500,000 Etruscans charging Troy or wherever the Etruscans charged, you can do it very easily with a few sound effects and some screams, and you have it. In movies that will cost you $1,200,000. Whatever medium you are working in, you have to pander to what its strong points are, and obviously in television it's visual. Words mean less than the visual, so I always try to give people the visual. I have visuals I can't write humor for. Like I want to see a tarantula tap-dancing on a butter dish.

What America wants to see . . . a little tap music. I can't quite justify this type of humor because it seems a little bit too much like art. Once people think it's art, they get a little frightened. If you can candy-coat it and make it fun and give them a stirring visual—something they will remember for a long time.

I did a thing, for instance, on human hair potholders, and I had Squeaky Fromme and Sandra Goode selling these potholders. But the visual was stunning.

Photos: Edie Baskin

because they were bald, which they revealed when they pulled their little red hoods with a cross cut in their foreheads. It was so stunning to see. I mean, that's really the power of the Coneheads. It's just seeing those three cones on the screen. It looks like the Valley of the Kings with those three pyramids.

High Times: Do you have a favorite TV program besides "Saturday Night Live"?

O'Donoghue: I like Donnie and Marie quite a bit.

High Times: Why?

O'Donoghue: Pretty to look at. It looks like *Stars Wars* now. I couldn't be happier. I watch massive amounts of television. It's life to me and, I think, to a lot of Americans as well. As a matter of fact, as the outside world becomes more and more dangerous, you get more and more of your information through television sets—the "suck some" tube, as I like to call it.

High Times: The Coneheads are some of the most popular characters on "Saturday Night." They are so popular—like *Star Wars* now. Who would believe that a movie like that would make such a splash?

O'Donoghue: You see the urge for science fiction coming ten miles off. I could also see the Japanese sword movies. I had that picked by five years. I used to go to sword movies in the middle Sixties. Here was the audience! Chinese, militant blacks and hippies. Now, Christ, talk about your weather vane. In those movies you got a chance to see women reach inside and actually disembowel men with their hands. I always go for the hard-on—really what people want to see—not what they want to think about or pretend to see.

High Times: What do you think about game shows?

O'Donoghue: I like the game shows. Jesus, you know, I—embarrassing as it may sound, I was getting dressed and I was watching "The Gong Show," and it made me laugh a lot of times. Chuck Barris did some falls that were really dangerous falls. He was slipping around with some people and it was quite well staged. It was pretty fine.

High Times: What is the appeal of the show?

O'Donoghue: It is certainly charming and natural. It combines kind of charades and entertainment. One thing I tried to do on the radio show, and also "Saturday Night" has this quality, is not being super slick—you can see that there are people there and they are doing live television, and you are kind of rooting for them and not just—you don't just think it is going to work. A lot of times, it doesn't. I like that fact. I like the fact that the tensions on the show are exploited and played out.

High Times: "Saturday Night Live" is your first TV show, isn't it?

O'Donoghue: I love going into things cold because you have no preconceptions at all, and the only problem is that technicians lie to you all the time. They don't want to do hard stuff, so—they actually don't lie; they just don't volunteer information. It's kind of like a code, so you kind of have to figure out what they are doing and say, "Can we do that?" "Oh yes, we can do that." "Well, why didn't you mention that about six fucking months ago when I asked you?" You have to keep learning about the equipment to stay even with them, because it's kind of a macho testing process.

Whatever media I have ever been in I've always been fighting with everyone—the printers, the color separationists—because once you begin to realize how these people jerk you around constantly just to make it easier, it's a battle.

High Times: What was the first scene on the first show of "Saturday Night"?

O'Donoghue: It was John Belushi knocking at the door. I say, "Come in." He comes in. He is an Albanian or something, dressed in an ill-fitting coat and trying to look good, but looking very bad—very shabby. He sits down and says, "Good evening," and he says it very badly in broken language, and I say "GOOD EVENING." He tries to say it better and sits down in the shabby armchair across from me, and I say, "Okay, repeat after me, I would like" he says it very badly—"to feed your fingertips to the wolverine." The sketch went on from there and eventually I have a heart attack—pitch over and die on the floor—and he thinks about it for a second and then *he* has a heart attack, pitches over on the floor and dies.

High Times: That's strange. Did you have trouble with the censors on that one?

O'Donoghue: Well, it's pretty violent, but it is curious how you can go around any kind of censorship code just by bizarreness. In 1954 and in 1962 you could have said "I would like to feed your fingertips to the wolverines" on a television show and no one would have hit it. It's so odd it doesn't really relate to—yet it really does strike the brain at a strange angle.

High Times: McLuhan made a big splash about 15 years ago, and what he said was really important, but people sort of have forgotten about it.

O'Donoghue: They forgot about it even at the time.

High Times: It really does have a tremendous impact.

O'Donoghue: He said everything—everything he said seemed to be pretty true. Remember the Lampoon. McLuhan influenced me to make that magazine more visual, because people can't read anymore. They literally can't read. I know how to choose an adverb, but nobody gives a fuck any more.

Comic strips are not art. Comic strip artists considers themselves hacks. And yet comix are one of the powerful forms of American art—both comic strips and television—are the two most powerful American art forms, but nobody ever treats them seriously. They are always like some backdoor thing. That's why I like them. They are hot and raw. Stan Lee says if you sell my books you can do almost anything you want, and I like that philosophy because I think it's what makes America great.

High Times: Why are bald women becoming so popular?

O'Donoghue: I think they are as cute as buttons. It is funny because I don't see many bald women in the streets, but if you go into any department store—even the low ones now—all the mannequins are bald.

High Times: You have been accused of having a weird sense of humor. Do you think your humor is sick?

O'Donoghue: I don't think so. It's been called sick—that's a convenient way to describe it—but I describe humor as a martial art. I reflect what happens around me. If you have David Berkowitz, you have me is what I am saying. I just reflect the values. The reason people don't paint Botticellis any more is that our world is not like Botticelli's. There is no Venus rising from some idyllic splendor. It's fucking dog-shits in the streets. A lot of what humor is is releasing various tensions that society has built up, focusing them and releasing them, and I have to deal with the real things. I can't make up some fucking Walt Disney world. They've linked Flubber to cancer, did you know that? It's all falling apart. They are tearing down all the great parking lots. I am telling you.

High Times: Did you have a strict religious upbringing?

O'Donoghue: No, not at all. I flirted with Unitarian-Universalism at one point, simply because I enjoyed the lectures. I used to hear Bishop Pike. Brilliant man. So sad, that the last trace of him was his jockey shorts in the desert. It's so incredible. I knew him, and he helped me put out a magazine in San Francisco. A very gracious, intelligent man, and then he vanished—a joke death—jockey shorts in the desert, the saddest way to go. I don't want to die a joke death. I hope I get a spear through the heart.

High Times: Have you had any experience with silly religions?

O'Donoghue: Well, Marilyn Miller and

"Lorne has always said that we are counting on at least 80 percent of our viewers to be wrecked—really in Cuckooland. So the show is written with that in mind."

Danny Aykroyd did a thing called "Snake Handlers" on the show, which was kind of a Norman Lear bit about people who were snake handlers. One was a gay state trooper. Another one was a nun, and a guy who worked as a blue collar worker and his wife was his boss. But they are all snake handlers and there is this weird chant.

High Times: What do you think about the strange upsurge in religion? Don't you notice young people are becoming very religious?

O'Donoghue: Notice it? I am terrified of it. As I am of most things. I see it as some Fascist theology kind of thing. I see it as some combination between the Reverend Moon and "Star Trek" as what is coming up in an awfully grim future.

High Times. What do you predict? What's the worst?

O'Donoghue: I don't know. I have the car now. I got to get the gun. I can make a run for the border. I can blast my way up into Canada and can fly to London. I will be kind of old and irrelevant, but I'll still be alive.

High Times: Did you stockpile tuna fish in the Fifties?

O'Donoghue: No. I would never stockpile tuna fish. I like the Bumblebee song, though. It's my favorite thing on television. I now consider it as a mystic sign. Like, if I hear the Bumblebee tuna song, I know it is going to be a good day.

High Times. What do you think about the neutron bomb?

O'Donoghue: Oh, it's wonderful. It saves architecture.

High Times: Does it give you nightmares?

O'Donoghue: No. Every time I hear a loud explosion I always think it's the A-bomb. I used to live near a communist Cuban bookstore they used to blow up. The first time I ever heard that I said, "It's the bomb: they dropped the bomb." People used to talk about it a lot. It still does exist. If you grew up in the Fifties, the A-bomb was so frightening that you began to accept it. It probably gives one a certain nonchalance about life.

High Times: The whole Fifties attitudes and values are popular again—the play *Grease* and the whole punk scene.

O'Donoghue: It is all coming back. The atom bomb is going to come back as nostalgia, you know. I wish I knew the name of the man who said this because I would sure like to credit him with it. He said at a dinner of a friend of mine—"Do you know what's coming back? Everything, that's what's coming back, and then it's going away forever." It sent a laugh and a chill down my spine.

High Times: Isn't paranoia a big part of your humor?

O'Donoghue: Well, paranoia is not just a part of my humor. Paranoia is more a part of any comedian, I think, because that's probably more in the wellsprings. It certainly is mine. I always believed that I will be gunned down in the street at any

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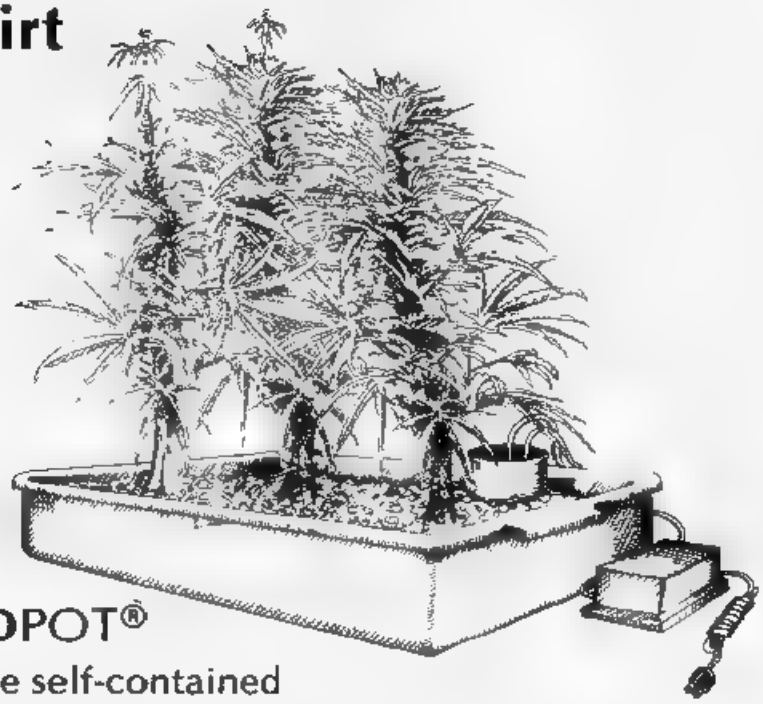

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moment. I have always conducted myself so. I carry an open knife in my pocket at all times and would carry a gun were I not afraid that in some dark moments late in the morning I would put it in my mouth and blow the back of my head out.

High Times: Aren't you one of those geniuses who dropped out of college?

O'Donoghue: Actually, I am just as proud as hell that I do not have the old sheepskin or anything to fall back to. If I fall I am going right into the gutter. Some real Diane Linkletter tumble. I see her sometimes. I will be a little fried, and she will be outside the window saying, "Mike, hi, come on out. I want to talk to you about Dad's sheep ranch in Australia. Come on out. Step out, you will be okay. It's like the nice cartoons—don't look down." I never go.

High Times: Do you read a lot?

O'Donoghue: Not really, because rather than reading, I write. I just don't read that much. I like a couple of people ... Terry Southern.

High Times: What do you think is special about him?

O'Donoghue: He's a madonna. What I think is special about him is he took the banner that Nathaniel West had carried. Really, in the Fifties and early Sixties, Terry Southern was the most original American writer. But he was working at humor that is kind of a debased art form—a discredited art form—and people like Anthony Burgess would get the front page of the New York Times. A decent writer, Anthony Burgess, but God, Southern was a genius. He is one of the few people that I am really awed by.

High Times: Who are some of your other culture heroes?

O'Donoghue: I tend more to go Richard Speck and Lazlo Toth and—more in that direction.

High Times: Who's the most difficult guest you can imagine writing a show for?

O'Donoghue: People I am afraid of. Like Richard Pryor. I really admire him incredibly. He is just the best performer, writer—he's just total genius. But I do think he could crack my head open with a cognac bottle. I don't need the grief. I don't need a long stay in the hospital just to work on the Pryor show, but I just think he is terrific.

High Times: What is your pet peeve?

O'Donoghue: People who make amazing comebacks from rare crippling ailments... This is a bumper sticker: "Warning I brake for Jesus." Now, isn't that a nice bumper sticker? Beautiful. I was thinking of making it up and putting it on my car, but I don't know. I have a nice little car, and I don't want to see it get beat with chains and tire irons.

High Times: Do you travel a lot?

O'Donoghue: Not as much as I would like, but I enjoy traveling. In Mexico they have big insects like birds. I did something so brave the last time, just before I fell off the mountain. I have an abnormal fear of insects—bordering on hysteria. I was just slipping into this acid and I realized uh, oh, Jesus Christ, you are here in insect land—ah, you better fucking deal with this. So, what I did is I went over and I found the smallest insects I could find, and I said, "Okay, come here, okay, let's have a look at you. Okay, little sticky feet." Don't like him, but he is not so weird I can't deal with him. Little devil. Let's pet you. Let's give you a name—"and got on with that. Got over it and it was really good, because if I had let him sneak up on me it would have been like *The Hellstrom Chronicle*. I had a friend I wanted to kill, and I told him to go trip and see that movie.

High Times: Did you see *Forbidden Planet* when you were a kid?

O'Donoghue: Oh, *Forbidden Planet*. One of my favorites. The triangular doors go *zzzzzt*." I love triangular doors. There's no reason for them unless you were a race that had huge feet, kind of a medium middle and pin heads. Or you would hit yourself with the doors all the time. Obviously the dumbest doors. I love them.

Triangles have absolutely no relation to our world, really. We have been able to do very little with triangles. Circles and eggs and squares have been able to play a big part in our life, but triangles always look a little odd. It's incredible to have this entire geometric form, and the most it does is sharpen razor blades.

High Times: What do you think this new Southern influence is going to do to our culture?

O'Donoghue: I like the South. I have been down there a couple of times, and I thought I was going to get gunned down for sure. I wrote a thing on George Wallace called "Tales from the South." It dealt with him feeding Lurleen dead rats, giving her cancer. She comes out of the grave—it was done in the Tales from the Crypt style—during the Democratic Convention, leading thousands of rats. He gets out of his wheelchair, runs, catches a bus. Unfortunately, it's a ghoul bus and inside are Martin Luther King, Medgar Evers... all those people are being bussed to an all-white graveyard and they eat him alive. That's the end of the comic strip, and I thought if I go into the South I am a dead man. But they are real nice down there and quite civilized. They are quite charming.

High Times: Do you like country-western music?

O'Donoghue: Yes. Kinky Friedman and the Texas Jew Boys—them I love a lot. We had them on the show. They did a thing called "The Ballad of Charles Whitman," which—what is their line—something shooting with a .357 magnum laughing wildly as he bagged him—who are we to say the boy's insane? We had him on the show, and I—we could not do this for a technical reason—but I had a thing of a rifle with cross hairs crossing members of the audience and just lingering on their heads and going on to another one.

High Times: Are there any sports that you would enjoy participating in?

O'Donoghue: I think of sports more in the concept of a lot of wasted pages in between the movie section and the TV section. But I do enjoy badminton. I am incredibly good at the game. And I like to play softball. There you are out in the middle of the park. You can pitch a very good game and also smoke a lot of dope. Actually, you pitch a lousy game, but you look at the buildings and the grass and the trees and you're so happy.

High Times: Did you get a lot of fan mail when you were a disc jockey?

O'Donoghue: I got some pretty hot letters.

High Times: Did you take advantage of any?

O'Donoghue: No, I never did. Every once in a while—Christ, there was some fan

"McLuhan influenced me to make the Lampoon more visual, because people can't read any more. They literally can't read. I know how to choose an adverb, but nobody gives a fuck any more."

"No electricity? What do you mean, 'No electricity'?!"

who approached me on the show and said I am very hot and so I followed through on that and it was a raving lunatic who was in and out of the psycho ward, and the bugs doctor had to do a lot of work on her every week—and it sure discouraged that. Nice little fantasies, but just stay away.

High Times: Do you like practical jokes?

O'Donoghue: No. I have a few practical jokes. I have a thing of calling people up on the phone and saying, "Listen, I can't talk now, I have something on the stove. I'll call you right back, okay? I'll call you right back." Or, calling them up late at night and going, "Ah yeh, who is it?" Instead of being the person calling, I'm taking the attitude of the person called while calling them. It really fucks them up real good. Particularly the one when they are asleep at night, because they are doing that and you are doing that and you are just annoying them at an incredible rate.

High Times: You are writing a screenplay with Chevy Chase?

O'Donoghue: I am, and it's called *The Saturday Matinee*. It is going to be a couple of features kind of condensed down into about 25 minutes each. Then it is going to be Will Rogers Memorial Fund, coming attractions, hot buttered popcorn in the lobby. All the little things that went in between. "Spotlight on Sports." Some "Movietone News." A follow the-bouncing-ball song.

High Times: Could you sing the follow-the-bouncing-ball song?

> **"Comic strips and television are the two most powerful American art forms, but nobody ever treats them seriously. That's why I like them. They are hot and raw."**

O'Donoghue: Oh, yes. It's called "Talking Dirty to the Animals."

The animals, the animals
Let's talk dirty to the animals
"Fuck you, Mr. Bunny!"
"Eat shit, Mr. Bear!"
If they don't love it,
They can shove it.
Frankly, we don't care.

Oh, the animals, the animals,
Let's talk dirty to the animals.
"Up yours, Mr. Hippo!"
"Piss off, Mr. Fox!"
Go tell a chicken
"Suck my dick!" an'
*Give 'im chicken pox."**

We are going to try to get the entire audience to sing along with this song, and we are going to kind of cheat and add a song track so everyone will be singing these outrageously dirty lyrics.

Chevy Chase is writing a thing called *Blind Bikers*. It's a movie about tough bikers, but they are blind. When going around a corner, they go right off through the houses and through the chicken coops, et cetera, families having picnics.

I am writing a thing—a Fifties science fiction movie called *The Planet of the Cheap Special Effects*. It's about this planet that has really cheap special effects on it, lousy dinosaur footage from old movies. And I just came up with a concept of a robot called Bloodmaster 3000 with electronic fangs that go "*bzzzzzzz*." It's got every cliché. It's got these women who have big tits, and they have founded their culture on a Fredericks of Hollywood catalog—which explains why they dress that way. It's really a sweetheart.

My favorite thing is this transmitter that's transporting lunch, which is a baked cheese-and-noodle casserole. A fly gets in it, and coming out the other end of the matter transmitter is this thing called the flying lunch that is half fly, half cheese-and-casserole mush, that rips it out. The flying lunch. It's a very frightening thing. At the end a volcano explodes. They run back to the ship—that's an exciting escape—the volcanic lung worm gets on board and... I don't want to spoil the movie by telling you what happens. ■

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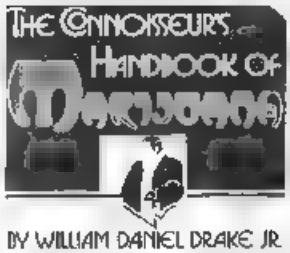

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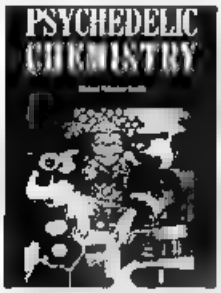

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And here we always thought they were
In an open letter to the Berkeley Barb, San Francisco's poet laureate **Lawrence Ferlinghetti** suggested that the city's art commission take drastic actions to beautify the city by the bay. Among other proposals, Ferlinghetti advised painting the Golden Gate Bridge gold and tilting landmark Coit Tower.

Wide World

Former CIA Director **William Colby** was pied with a chocolate Bavarian by yippie **Aron Kay** as he addressed a gathering at New York's liberal New School

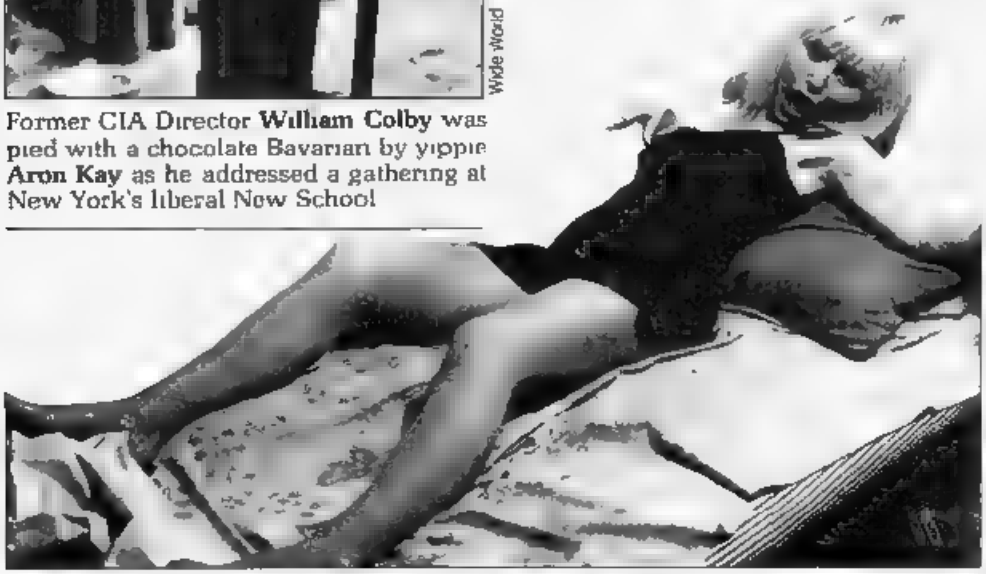
Nate Cutler/Globe

Rick Nelson has turned to **Colonel Tom Parker** for help with his plagued career. Rick reportedly hasn't been avoiding the dope and fast women around L.A. long enough to get a hit since his plaintive 'Garden Party' in the early Seventies. His wife of 14 years, **Kristin Nelson**, supposedly left him for exactly those reasons. Colonel Tom, the man credited with having made **Elvis**, is expected to keep Rick on a straight and profitable path. Sources say former Byrd **Roger McGuinn** and former Monkee **Mike Nesmith** are interested in joining up with Rick in the studio

Maybe it was the brown acid? Rock promoter **John Bycowski** was turned down flat by the town of Bethel when he proposed a second Woodstock music festival called "Woodstock '78" near that tiny upstate New York community. Despite big buck offers dangled by Bycowski, residents were, in the words of Bethel Town Supervisor Russell Gettel, "100 percent against the idea."

Wide World

Steve Martin, fast becoming America's top young clown, is diversifying his talents. His banjo effort "Theme for a Rambling Man" was a recent Billboard pick hit, and Paramount has inked him to do a series of comedy shorts for national moviehouse distribution. Martin on his big success: "Well, excuuuuuse me!"


Roberta Bayley

High Times coverpunk **Deborah Harry** (June '77), lead singer for rock pack **Blondie**, blames a government plot for the limited airplay of punk pretties on radio. Says Debbie, "I think the FCC has put out the word, 'Don't play any disturbing music, don't rile people up and make them think.'" What's a poor punk to do? Ms. Harry agitates, "Everybody in this country should fucking get up and say things and do things, because they haven't got much of a chance left."

This is German ingenuity? A new, two-record German rock opera dubbed *Der Führer* stars none other than history's nastiest Nazi, **Adolph Hitler**. Scheduled for stage and screen production sometime this year, *Führer* is a smash in Deutschland. The musical was penned by two West German rockers, both in their late twenties, and it tells a Faustlike story wherein Hitler strikes a pact with Satan and rises to bloody power. *Der Führer* scoffs at Hitler's reputation as a notorious doper and ends on a pessimistic note. Care for a libretto, Herr Bormann? ◘

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Whole Grain Fuel

Want to get rid of superfluous fat? Increase your lung capacity? Make unsightly blemishes fade forever? Try the doctor-tested rejuvenating exercise of the Seventies: chopping wood in the dead of winter. As Thoreau said, "Wood warms you twice." Now that you've got all that extra energy, why not install a stove to get rid of all those logs? Anyone who paid a fuel bill last winter stands to benefit—a well-designed stove can heat a decently insulated house for less than any oil or gas system.

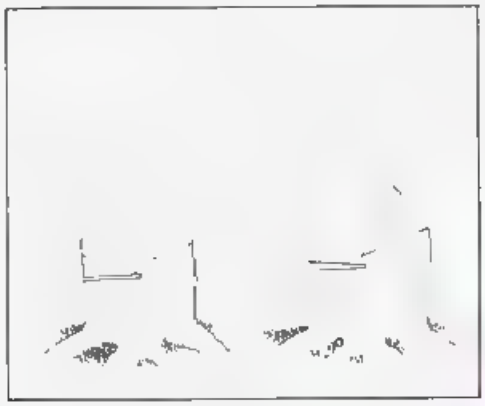
You might want a small fireplace for ambience, but don't count on one for cheap heat, because as much as 90 percent of the wood's energy escapes unburnt up the flue. Franklins or cookstoves are better, but the best heating stove designs are the cast-iron Scandinavians. A system of baffles within the firebox circulates the smoke and combustible gasses until the fuel is fully consumed. They minimize soot and creosote build-up in the chimney, so you needn't worry about chimney fires or climbing up the roof ladder to unblock the pipe with a stick at night in a New Year's Eve blizzard. They will burn even poplar, the least desirable heating wood, and the largest stoves hold enough to burn for a day and a half. Look for tight-sealing doors and precise air intake adjustment. With the draft closed the fire should go out or just barely smolder. Welded sheet-steel types are more airtight but don't hold heat as well as cast iron. A brick fire wall will retain heat and maintain the high temperatures needed to burn the smoke.

Gary Stimeling

Not all Scandinavians are blonde.

Not all woods are created equal. Although all produce the same amount of heat pound for pound, wood is sold by volume (a cord is 128 cubic feet, a pile 4 x 4 x 8 feet), and the densest, most compact trees give the long, hot fire you want. Maple, aspen, locust, apple, beech, cottonwood, cherry, elm and walnut are some of the best. Oak burns hottest of all when properly aged, so hot that it can crack a thin stove. Hickory, the most sought after because of its fragrant smoke, is scarcer than ever at premium prices.

Being a labor-intensive technology, wood burning will mean that, unless you want to pay up to $100 a cord during the winter freeze, you'll have to work up a few blisters. Whether you use a handsaw, chain saw or axe, there is one approved way to fell a tree safely. First make a V-cut not quite half the thickness of the trunk on the side toward which you want it to fall. Then make the second cut on the opposite side a few inches higher. Don't cut all the way through, the remaining wood should act as a hinge and prevent the trunk from kicking back and depriving you of your own limbs. Using a chain saw, the idea goes like this.



Always make the horizontal cut first; it's the hardest, and if you do it second the saw is likely to get pinched to a stop.

After felling, the trunk and branches are cut into suitable lengths, then the rounds must be split to size. You can use an axe or a wedge and sledge. If you cut all your fuel or get especially tough wood like elm, you may want a power splitter—either the hydraulic ram the pros use or the new screw type that bolts onto the rear axle of a car.

Most woods need to be seasoned, that is, dried out, before they will burn well. Ash is one of the few exceptions that burns the same green as it does dry. Seasoning involves waiting around for a year (more for oak) with the wood covered and stacked to let air circulate among the pieces. It's cured when it sounds like a baseball bat when struck. One alternative to waiting is to get an Ashley or a downdraft type stove that burns its loads from the bottom up, so that green wood can be dried on top of the fire before it drops down to be consumed.

Depending on insulation and furnace efficiency, a six-room house can be heated through an average winter on two to six cords of cured hardwood. At average prices of $60 to $80 a cord, even if you bought your whole supply you'd be ahead of the game. But even in the suburbs you can scrounge from park thinnings, town dumps or falls after a storm. Of course, if you live out in the woods yourself, you can make a good buck selling it to city cousins. You can even run your car and refrigerator on it (see Mother Earth News, issues 27 and 35).

There are no definite answers on how much wood could be used annually without running out. There's no question that an entirely wood-based fuel system would soon defoliate the nation without far better management than we could reasonably expect. Still, there are 750 million acres of American forest left. Two thirds of New England is covered with trees. Each acre of an average wood lot naturally produces half a cord a year, so a household could be self-sufficient on ten acres or less. This means that the forests could be maintained in their current status and still provide for 75 million homes—that is, nearly everybody. The figure is closer to 35 million if we subtract the 232 million acres used for lumber and the quarter of yearly growth that succumbs to rot and disease. More definite figures are available for some states. Minnesota, for example, has 18 million acres of commercial forest producing 9 million cords a year. All but 2¼ million are available for home heating, so an estimated 30 percent of the state's population could heat with wood, as opposed to the 6 to 10 percent who now do.

The best argument for switching to wood for fuel is your sense of smell, but watch out some country slicker doesn't slip you a load of piss-elm.

Gary Stimeling

Combination wood/oil home furnace.

When all's said, the best argument for switching to wood is your sense of smell. The aroma of newly split wood is better than incense, and burning it makes your house more inviting than stale petroleum residue does. All the nut trees are especially noseworthy, but watch out some old country slicker doesn't slip you a load of piss-elm. —*Gary Stimeling*

A Touch of Velvet

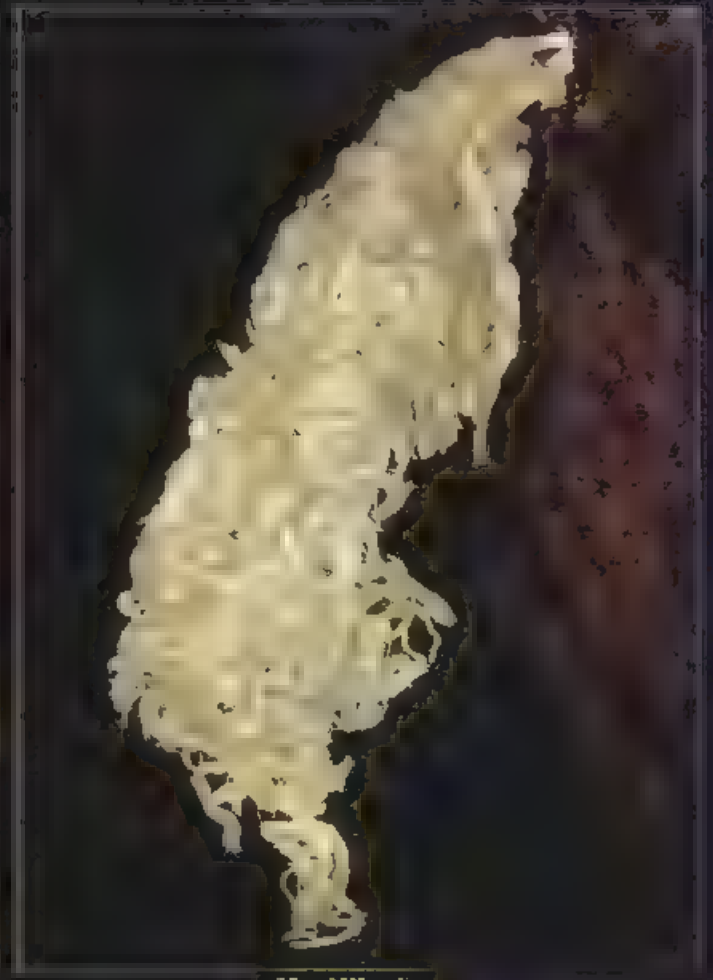
How can you ever forget the black velvet drape she wore that first cool night in Monte Carlo? Her scent was like a delicious breeze from the hotel garden, full of hibiscus and oleander. Through the parted French doors you could hear the soft hiss of the surf and the faint laughter from the Grand Casino. The gibbous moon hung reflected in her blue eyes like two tiny Chinese lanterns as she asked if you'd like to retire to her place and smoke some specialties she had acquired. You knew better than to refuse.

Once inside her walk-up flat, you kissed passionately before she removed the sexy black gown and threw it on her armoire. Suddenly your eyes jumped in delight from her smooth, milky breasts to the assortment of tasty buds she placed carefully on the plush material. Each perfectly cut and manicured, full and green with tiny red and gold tendrils. They filled the room with a perfume like the jungle in heat and glistened with precious psychoactive juices. They came from the corners of the earth, she said, and they were yours to possess. And so was she. Can you ever forget the night of black velvet? ◻

Kona Supreme

Purple Sierra from California

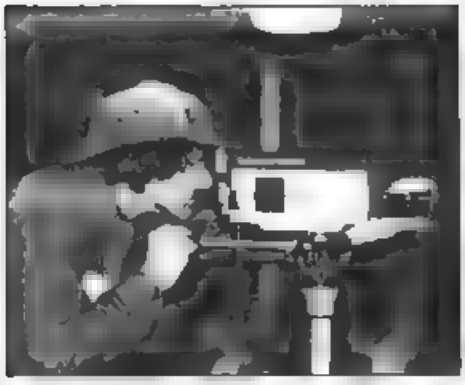
Stickless Thai



Maui Wowie

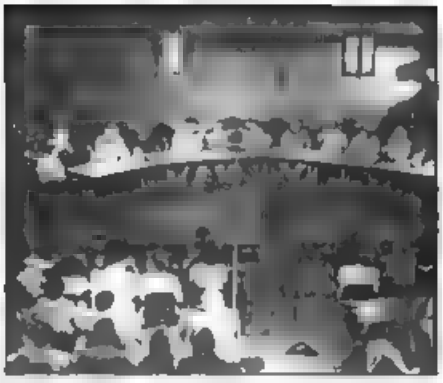
Stickless Thai

Photos: Bob Hartle



LSD Now:

A Generation Later



Get Ready for the Next Acid Age!

The following symposium is an edited version of the recent conference, "LSD: A Generation Later," which took place on October 14–15, in Santa Cruz, California. Dozens of acid luminaries attended, and we were able to get the following panelists on tape.

Richard Ashley: author of *Heroin and Cocaine*, contributing writer for *High Times*

Dr. John Beresford: pioneer LSD researcher currently practicing psychiatry in Canada

Bruce Eisner: LSD researcher, writer for *High Times*

Stephen Gaskin: founder of The Farm spiritual commune in Tennessee, author of *Monday Night Class*, *Hey Beatrik* and *Caravan*

Allen Ginsberg: author of *Howl*, *Kaddish*, *Empty Mirror*, *Planet News* and *The Fall of America*

Art Kunkin: former editor/publisher of the L.A. Free Press

Dr. John Lilly: dolphin researcher, isolation-tank experimenter, author of *Programming and Metaprogramming the Human Biocomputer*, *Center of the Cyclone* and *Simulations of God*, coauthor of *The Dyadic Cyclone*

Dr. Ralph Metzner: early Leary associate and Harvard professor, former editor of the Psychedelic Review, author of *Maps of Consciousness*, edited *Ecstatic Adventure*, coauthor of *Psychedelic Experience*

Jean Millay: biofeedback researcher, made film of *The Psychedelic Experience*

Baba Ram Dass (Dr. Richard Alpert): former Harvard professor, cofounder of the Harvard LSD Experiment, author of *Be Here Now*, *The Only Dance There Is* and *Grist for the Mill*, coauthor of *Psychedelic Experience* and *LSD*

Ron Siegel: UCLA researcher on LSD, edited *Hallucinations*

David Smith: founder of Haight Ashbury Free Clinic, editor of the Journal of Psychedelic Drugs

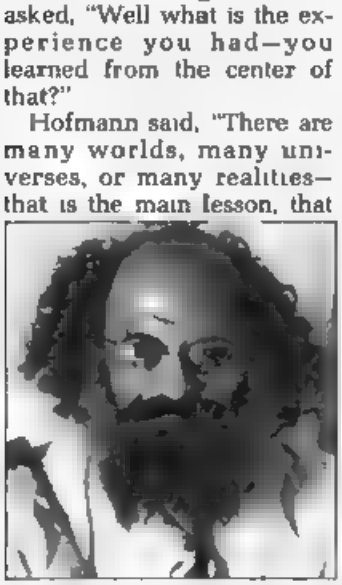
Peter Stafford: author of *Psychedelics Encyclopedia* and *Psychedelic Baby Receives Puberty*, coauthor (with Bonnie Golightly) of *LSD: The Problem-Solving Psychedelic*, writer for *High Times*

Paul Williams: pioneer rock critic and founder of Crawdaddy, author of *Outlaw Blues*, *Apple Bay*, *Right to Pass* and *Das Energy*

Allen Ginsberg: I asked Dr. Hofmann yesterday what his final philosophical conclusion was about LSD. He said he had stopped taking LSD in 1970. Why didn't he continue taking it?

He said he had taken it maybe 12 times, but he had learned the experience, and there was no need to go back to that. Once the experience was there, the LSD was in a sense self-limiting. So then I asked, "Well what is the experience you had—you learned from the center of that?"

Hofmann said, "There are many worlds, many universes, or many realities—that is the main lesson, that reality is many . . ." And then I asked, "Well then, don't you take LSD to explore these many realities?" He said, "No, I just go into the woods in the morning and explore them by myself without LSD."



Allen Ginsberg

My own experience is that I had many bad trips when I was much younger, and I quit taking LSD and then took it on and off. Then I hadn't had any LSD since 1972, though I had had some mushrooms and things like that. But I had done a lot of Buddhist meditation, and it slowed down my thought processes. I began getting more and more observant of the rising of thought forms, the flowering of thought forms and the decline and disappearance of the gaps between.

So on the way here to the conference, thinking that I would do some homework, I took what acid tabs I had left in Minneapolis and had a trip by plane. And the conclusion I came to was that the insight I was getting from traditional, classic Buddhist meditation was similar to the insight that I finally arrived at under the acid. Or perhaps the Buddhist meditation had so influenced my tripping that both the acid and the Buddhist mode of mind were identical in that the lesson was that form is emptiness, which is a traditional Buddhist formulation.

There is a sense of emptiness in the transitoriness and emptiness of all perceived phenomena, and there is no need to get historically hung up on any thought form. No need to grab. There is no enlightenment, no wisdom, no illumination, no god, no identity, no self, no reference point. Any grabbing for a reference point is vain. And that is one of the first things you think when you get high anyway, that even if you didn't get high you would be seeing the same reality. Well, that is a notion that almost everybody has had.

It doesn't make any difference if you do get high, all of a sudden you are seeing only what you'd see anyway, what you see every day. That is a thought that is often pushed to the back of the mind, but I think that it is a very important notion that rises in acid and should be considered more. That in a sense acid is not necessary, and that's why it is O.K.

Dave Smith: One thing that is so impressive to me is how much better prepared are the young people who are taking LSD today than the young people of ten years ago. They know how to not have bad trips. They know about set and setting, how not to be burned by bad acid, where to have it and, if you have some difficulty, where to go.

Jean Millay

I think that learning experiences are very positive and have also created the false impression in the minds of the general public that people aren't taking LSD any more. That is simply not true. What is not happening is people having bad trips. I also think they are not advertising, either, and doses are probably smaller on the street.

Another of the things that I

Photos by Peter Vogel

have been impressed with is how psychedelic thinking prepares one for a rapidly changing society, something that I certainly was not prepared for prior to taking psychedelic drugs and listening to the psychedelic leaders. Our society is changing very rapidly. We are going to be dealing with issues that will blow a rigid mind: space travel, ecological changes, health care changes, value changes, running out of energy, et cetera. And young minds have to be flexible and expansive.

Jean Millay: The mind is a chemical/electrical/magnetic process. And you can change the way you perceive reality through chemistry. You can change it electrically, you can start learning about magnetic fields and how they relate. And where it is very difficult to use drugs in a classroom, you certainly use biofeedback. Once you understand that reality is a do-it-yourself job, then you have to take responsibility for how you perceive reality and how you create the future.

It all can be altered and changed—you might as well create the reality you want.

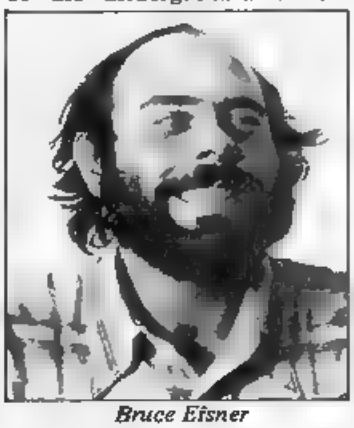
Bruce Eisner: I recently read a paper by Roland Fisher, a National Institute of Mental Health researcher who did some work with psychedelics—suicide and LSD and marijuana. He found that with LSD and with psilocybin there is a shift from the left to the right hemisphere function—brain function—and eventually the polarity of the functioning is reversed. This has implications in understanding exactly what LSD does.

Ron Siegel: I would like to make one comment about dose. Dr. Hofmann has said that we don't know what the lethal dose is of LSD in man. One thing that always bothered me in my early days when I was taking LSD was "Gee, maybe if I take too much of this I won't come back, or I will overdose and have a lethal reaction." I was basing some of that fear on some of the infamous animal studies that were done, in which very large doses were given animals and they died. The most notorious study was the elephant study.

They gave the elephant 237 milligrams, I think it was, and after about a half hour or so the elephant fell down and they panicked right away. They went onto the elephant and began injecting him with 1,000 milligrams of promazine and other barbiturates, trying to save him. And the elephant died.

There are a number of us who believe that the LSD was not the responsible agent. So we recently have replicated that experiment, or I should say, we have failed to replicate it. We administered that same dose of LSD to two elephants—smaller in size than the one in that science article—and I am happy to say that they are both alive and well.

Bruce Eisner: It seems to me that LSD has gone through several distinct phases. The first phase I guess would end at the time when LSD was made illegal. And at first, of course, it was a research tool. Then it became the province of the underground. It became popularized by Tim Leary. All of the people were talking about the Harvard Research Project, and it became a part of the hippie movement. And then it became illegal.



Bruce Eisner

At a certain point LSD branched out into two separate domains—the area of the underground usage and above ground research. When aboveground research was cut off because of the adverse publicity, the underground began churning out quite a bit of LSD. Unfortunately there weren't any purity controls. It became the province of those who could set up a laboratory and turn it out, like the black market during Prohibition in the Twenties with alcohol.

Dr. Albert Hofmann

> *LSD was not just the fruit of a chance discovery, but the outcome of a more complex process. It had its beginning in a definite concept and was followed up by appropriate experiments.*
>
> — Dr. Albert Hofmann

I talked to Dr. Hofmann about the purity question. He agrees with me that most of the LSD that he has analyzed from underground sources just doesn't meet up to the purity level of LSD that was made by Sandoz or by Spofa or by any of the large pharmaceutical firms that manufactured it.

As for these street-drug-testing firms accurately reporting the purity of the street LSD, I think that it varies quite a bit more than the 91-percent pure LSD that PharmChem, for example, reports. I think you will find that there is quite a bit of variation. Dr. Hofmann told me yesterday that in most cases, LSD that is made in the underground is pretty impure to begin with because of the reagents they use—the precursors, the techniques, the information they have in synthesizing it.

But even if it was pure, and let's assume that it was, and you put it on a piece of paper, within a short period of time it would be exposed to oxygen and light and it would break down, and these impurities themselves would cause a significant change in the course of action of the drug.

Ron Siegel: Maybe there's a difficulty in our nomenclature. When PharmChem talks about purity, they are also talking about quantitative assays of the substance compared to the alleged amounts. They have found that most of the LSD that is on the street, the doses are 75 micrograms and under, even if they are sold as 250 or 350 or something like that. And there is a lot of deception in the quantitative aspects. But they maintain, contrary to your readings and your data sources, at least among their sample, that the quality is reasonably good and that the contaminants that are found

John Lilly

Stanley Krippner on Acid in the Future

Dr. Stanley Krippner, director of the Dream Laboratory at Maimonides Center in Brooklyn, New York, has spearheaded investigations into the effects of acid on creativity and problem solving.

High Times: From your perspective of the phenomenon known as LSD, what have been the effects?

Krippner: The most important fact you must keep in mind when you're considering the effects of psychedelics in the Sixties is that LSD was basically a premature discovery. It came along before our society was ready for it. Indeed, our society still isn't ready for it, still doesn't appreciate the discovery or the implications.

I think that LSD is still waiting to be used effectively, in terms of studying consciousness and seeing what it can contribute to our understanding in the creative process. I really don't think its potentials have been fully tapped or realized. A discovery will really not make an impact until the culture is ready for it. I think the only people who were ready for it back in the Sixties were the musicians and the artists, certainly not the psychotherapists or the social scientists, and last of all the government.

Now that we're at the end of the Seventies, we can look back and see that the most worthwhile things done with LSD legally were the studies of consciousness and creativity. The most interesting things done illegally were by people who were interested in exploring their own creative potential with it.

High Times: What is the future of LSD?

Krippner: In the last ten years or so there has been quite a resurgence of interest in consciousness. I think the work that's being done on biofeedback, meditation, sleep and dream research, hypnosis, all attests to this. And as one thing leads to another, I think that it will lay the groundwork for the reemergence of legitimate research with LSD.

For years I have been wishing that there would be retreats around the country, or supervised LSD sessions could be done with trained guides and therapists to give people a chance to get into problem solving.

High Times: What are the spiritual implications of LSD?

Krippner: If we consider the word *spiritual* in a transpersonal sense as something which takes individuals beyond themselves and gives them some sense of unity, either with a spiritual teacher, such as Christ or Buddha, or some sense of unity with the cosmos, the universe in general, I think that these experiences have great meaning for people.

In many so-called primitive societies these psychedelic substances have been used for this purpose quite effectively, have been put within a cultural context, which is favorable. We don't have the structures in our society that makes this an easy thing to do.

High Times: Do you feel the times we're in now are becoming more appropriate for a proper exploration of LSD?

Krippner: There's a very curious thing that is happening. Back in the late Sixties and early Seventies there was the emergence of meditation as a sort of substitute for LSD, and many people made a big thing of how anything you can do with LSD you can do without LSD, which was true. And I think that this has a spiral effect. Now that we know what meditation and other nondrug altering-consciousness techniques can do without LSD, it's time to go back to LSD and reexamine us from different perspectives and see if there is anything that these techniques have been leaving out. And then, on the next ring of the spiral, see if we can find nondrug procedures for these effects also. I think you need to go back to the lessons that chemicals can teach and try to produce them in nonchemical ways.

Dr. Stanley Krippner

are inactive, psychoactively.

Paul Williams: After 10 or 20 years the real impact of LSD has been what we've learned individually. Then, in turn, the collective impact of that individual learning. And that learning is not of a sort that you can write down on a page or say on a panel—"We learned this."

It is experiential learning of the most basic kind. In a broad sense, what certain individual people have learned in part from LSD experiences is how to learn in new ways and, as a natural function of that, how to teach.

John Lilly: I was at the National Institute of Mental Health in Montreal and first did LSD there. There were something like 15 trippers in the institute when I arrived in 1953—at least 15 people approached me to take LSD. That's pretty long ago, too. I was doing isolation work in the tank at the time and didn't want to contaminate the results with chemicals, but I finally gave in and took LSD in the tank. Somebody described it as kind of a gut ball game when nobody before you has done that—taken LSD and then climbed into a tank and had yourself disappear in a hurry.

One of the advantages that we had in those days was that LSD was all very new. Nothing had been really written up, and there wasn't a standard hard-core opinion on the imminent-consensus reality about the material. We shared a naiveté and a newness of the experience that is very hard to recapture. Nowadays, people tend to go down peculiar railroad tracks laid down by early researchers. I'm afraid that in the future one of the major tasks of those who use LSD is going to be to get rid of the preprogramming that has been brought about by all of the people on this panel.

> *LSD is by far the most active and most specific hallucinogen. It is 5,000 to 10,000 times more active than mescaline.*
> — Dr. Albert Hofmann

My advice is if you're taking LSD for the first time, get the hell away from the human-consensus reality and have that which is unique, which is the opportunity that we all had back in the Sixties and the Fifties. When you abandon familiar spaces, and you abandon all the words you've heard here today, then you'll really begin to penetrate into the new future that is possible for the human race.

Ralph Metzner: My attitudes have changed since the time that I stopped using and working with LSD and psychedelics about five years ago. I initially thought of it in the realm of therapy, problem solving, understanding of the mind—and that was one stage. And then there was a stage where I saw it more in terms of a personal growth tool, not

Ralph Metzner

just for people who were disturbed or otherwise in trouble, but for anyone who wanted to grow and develop as an individual in terms of their own understanding.

That led into a more of a metaphor of religious type or transcendence or mystical kinds of experiences. I became very interested in how it related to traditional accounts of mystery religions and initiation ceremonies in ancient times, where chemicals and other substances and techniques were used to initiate a person into other levels of consciousness, which they could then work towards and experience by yogic or other spiritual processes or discipline.

And the last kind of project that I was working on was with an American Indian, an Apache who was a member of the Native American Church working with a group of that church in Denver Colorado. We did a number of sessions together to explore how some of the insights and wisdom of the peyote-using Indians could be adapted and applied by people who were simply using psychedelics in a general free-floating context. We did arrive at one formula we both felt was really quite helpful. And as you may know, in the traditional American Indian ceremony there are four different functions that are played by four different individuals. There's the fireman, there's the road man who's kind of the overall guy. The fireman keeps the fire going, a drummer keeps the music or the rhythm going, and then a cedar man passes around cedar to help people purify their physical body.

We condensed all of those into one function. We had the one fireman who kept the fire going and therefore kept kind of the physical heart, the energy of the whole session, together. And I thought this was very useful. He was also responsible for the physical maintenance of the fire, and he was aware of people leaving or coming.

The other thing that we worked on that we felt had been a problem in many types of sessions was to find some kind of balance between more spiritual, transcendent or very intense individual experiences and the more social or interpersonal communication aspects of experiences.

The question is how to communicate without violating the other person's psychic face, which has been extraordinarily sensitized and has become vulnerable to even nonverbal types of intrusions or communications. So what we agreed on—

Nobody has died until now from LSD, but the toxic dose, the lethal dose of it is not known.

— Dr Albert Hofmann

Ralph Metzner on Acid & Culture

Ralph Metzner, author of the highly acclaimed Ecstatic Adventure *and* Maps of Consciousness, *was one of the early acid pioneers as a member of the Harvard psilocybin research group, which included Timothy Leary and Richard Alpert.*

High Times: Ralph, you wrote a book called *Maps of Consciousness*, which was inspired by your experience with LSD. What do you think the effects of LSD has been on the society and the culture as we look back on the Sixties?

Metzner: LSD provided an experience that has opened up people's awareness and perception—the possibilities of the exploration of consciousness. In that sense I think it acted as a tremendous initial trigger, an impetus to what has now gone many other ways, such as meditation, yoga, therapy, encounter and body work of various kinds. I think that as far as the society was concerned, the timing of the introduction of LSD was perhaps in some way unfortunate. Or maybe it was the way it was introduced. The professions that should have or could have handled it as a tool for exploring the human mind—mainly psychology, psychiatry, religionists and healers—really were not able to do it. It evoked, because of the power of their experiences, too many ancient, conditioned-in fears and anxiety patterns. As a result, the initial promise of research and therapy and study of consciousness was not realized at the time. Maybe 10 or 15 years from now, it will be, and then the work that was done in the Sixties will be seen as a pioneering, initial attempt.

High Times: Why hasn't there been a more publicly noticeable resurgence of interest in LSD?

Metzner: Right now I see LSD in a holding pattern, waiting for the general change in consciousness to occur. It's almost as if the experience is too intense, too drastic, too much to be handled. So it's gone underground, and a lot of fear has led to people withdrawing from it.

High Times: Why has psychological use of acid been so negatively received by the [psychological] powers that be?

Metzner: Traditional psychologists have not accepted LSD because they'd have to use it themselves. Most of those who wanted to take drugs did not, and therefore did not have sufficient empathy for what a person experiencing it would go through. That is the reason you have that whole psychotomedic approach, where they would be mimicking psychosis. Hofmann was a genius because he did not fall into that trap. He saw right from the beginning that the only honest and objective scientific thing to do was to take it himself and to take it again. He didn't give it to somebody else again; he took it himself again. And you've really got to hand it to him for his courage and integrity in doing that. It is very rare.

High Times: Is LSD beneficial to the human consciousness?

Metzner: The basic potential of human consciousness *is* positive and *is* enlightening and *is* expansive and *is* creative and *is* self-healing and *is* self-regenerative. There may be frightening things and there may be painful things to confront and work through, but at the core there is a tremendous positive core of the human being that is what will be experienced. And that is true of life in general, too.

High Times: What will the upcoming Acid Age be like?

Metzner: When and if it does become possible again to use LSD, it will be used, I feel, very much in a definite program that does involve other methods of exploring, such as the therapeutic methods in the birth karma and all kinds of things, or preparing people for the death trauma by having them experience something a little bit of what it's like to let go of body consciousness and transcend body consciousness, so that the process of dying doesn't have to be such a totally frightening, freaky kind of thing.

Timothy Leary

You can explain the activity of LSD as a change in wavelengths. And so you get another program of reality.

— Dr. Albert Hofmann

which worked out really well—was that the fire was in the center, and that if participants in the session chose to be near the fire that meant they were open to communicating, either receiving communication from another person or willing to initiate or communicate something they were going through.

If they wished to be alone they would kind of withdraw from the fire into a further-out orbit, and then another person in the group would not in any way intrude or try to engage them in any kind of interaction. This led to a very natural kind of almost-breathing rhythm, where people would come together and share and go out and explore individually, and come together and share again.

One other general thing that I've learned really tremendously from my experience with LSD and from my work in meditation since that time—the mental attitude, feelings and thoughts of the person and the physical environment of the session were the two crucial determinants of the nature of the experience that you had.

I've since come to respect the role of thought or attitude or personal feelings much more. And this is true not only of an LSD or psychedelic experience, but of any kind of life experience. And the thing that I've been most struck with is that consciousness exists all the time, everywhere, in everything. And with LSD and other chemicals you change the tuning as Albert Hofmann said. You start to expand the range of frequencies or wavelengths that you are aware of. You start to tap into other areas of consciousness.

Baba Ram Dass (Richard Alpert): I have taken considerable Sandoz and Owsley and et cetera, et cetera, and the effects have always been profound. I have learned from them. But I notice that after the initial five years during which there were many hundreds of experiences when Ralph and Tim and I and Allen and so many of us were exploring LSD together, my usage has fallen off. Once a year seems to be ample. In fact, I really don't know that I care whether I ever take it again.

And yet I honor it incredibly. It feels to me as if the changes in consciousness are getting less and less relevant. Because less and less am I fascinated with experiences per se. And therefore, the experience of getting high isn't much more interesting than the experience of getting low. Just more of—pardon my pushing it—more grist through the mill.

It's just more stuff to work with, as Allen talks about in beginning, to see the exquisiteness and form, but seeing it without attachment or being attached to the emptiness. I had a spiritual guru, a very high being in India who left his body three years ago. In the course of my dealings with him he asked about the chemicals, the medicine, he called it—the yogi medicine. And he himself ingested a very sizable dosage—at least it would've been sizable for me to take. It seemed to be roughly about 1,000 or 1,200 micrograms, and nothing happened to him at all. He said at the time your mind should be totally fixed on god. In another context, you could say fixed on form.

LSD, meditation, service, all are equally valid methods for me as vehicles for becoming one in the universe, becoming free so I can be right here with you, enjoy and delight. And I don't see that any one method is particularly better than any other. There are different strokes for different folks. And the predicament is that every method is also a trap. Because methods have to be transcended. And that includes the use of acid as well as everything else. That includes meditation. You have to be what it is about, finally.

The power that came through us 10, 12 years ago toppled a couple of presidents, changed governments, stopped a war. And if that was the power of love and compassion and communication between people, then I think that acid is a powerful communication.

Richard Ashley: I can't agree that the legalization, the abil-

(continued on page 75)

Baba Ram Dass

Timothy Leary on Acid and the CIA

High Times: Reports of CIA LSD experiments have fueled speculation that the Psychedelic Age was a government conspiracy. How does that jibe with acid's accidental discovery?

Leary: If you look back, many things that we thought were accidents turn out were not accidents. The entire LSD movement itself was sponsored originally by the CIA, to whom I give great credit. I would not be here today if it had not been for the foresight and prestige of the CIA psychologists, so give the CIA credit for being truly an intelligence agency.

High Times: Your original use of acid was CIA-sponsored?

Leary: A man in Tucson, Arizona, has written a book in which he demonstrates, I am told, that I was either lobotomized or brainwashed by the government and introduced sex, rock and roll and drugs to depoliticize the young people in the United States. Serious stuff. So I told him on tape that I was a witting Central Intelligence Agent from 1960 or 1961 on.

High Times: You and your friends set out to expand consciousness all over the world. Were you successful?

Leary: We were never that serious. We felt that the key to the whole thing was esthetics and humor.... I think the consciousness revolution of the Sixties affected everyone on the planet. But I would prefer to talk about the neurological revolution, the discovery of the human brain as a tool and the discovery of the human body as an instrument of great sensory and transmitting capabilities. Drugs certainly gave us options, gave us peace and gave us vehicles to get control of our minds and bodies.

We're getting smarter. We're getting better looking. We're moving faster, we're flying high with greater precision and we're forming linkages and fusions of much greater beauty and complexity, so it couldn't be getting better. This has been a great movement from a pre-Cambrian slime up to the redwoods—we're getting higher and faster, and we're doing it better. And we're getting to be better lovers. Everyone by and large is a better lover now then they were ten years ago, and I'm glad. Whatever modest part I played in that episode, I take blame for the whole thing.

EAT · IT!

by J. F. Burke

In the Americas we don't think of eating grass except on special occasions in brownies. But in North Africa, the Middle East and South Asia hundreds of millions of Hindus and Moslems eat grass as an item of diet. They call it bhang or ganja. They chew it, fresh or dried, and prepare it uncooked in candies and in a milk drink. And they've been doing this for hundreds of generations.

Cannabis was an important item in the *materia medica* of the ancient world. Specimens have been found in Egyptian archaeological sites nearly 4,000 years old. The ancient Thebans used it in a beverage. The Scythians grew hemp along the banks of the Volga 3,000 years ago. Chinese tradition puts the use of cannabis as early as 2000 B.C. Indian medical writing reports uses of cannabis before 1000 B.C.

The Greek physician Galen wrote in 160 A.D. that hemp in pastries produces

Eating marijuana and hashish is not only enjoyable, it's good for you

analgesic effects. Apparently the hemp is good medicine. According to the National Institute on Drug Abuse, the antitumor properties of cannabinoids are known and are being researched. The antidepressant, appetite-stimulating and analgesic effects on terminal cancer patients are well established. For cardiac patients, cannabis lowers blood pressure. In hypertensive persons, it relieves stress. The broncho-dilator effect has long been familiar to asthmatics. Until the so-called Little Harrison Act of 1937 you could buy tailor-made cigarettes with hemp in them, especially manufactured for asthmatics. Two of the most popular brands were Fatima and Asthmador.

With the recent discovery of specific medical uses of new isomers of THC, the pharmaceutical companies' chemists are in a frantic race to discover more isomers and patent them. The beneficial effects of cannabis on aqueous humor dynamics, for instance, may soon lead the labs to isolate or synthesize the particular isomer of THC for the treatment of glaucoma. And the next step after decriminalization may be brought about by the reintroduction of cannabis into the modern materia medica.

Eating marijuana and hashish is not only enjoyable: it's good for you. Eating gives a deeper, longer high than smoking. It's healthier, of course, and there can be a whole cuisine in the preparation of marijuana and hashish for eating. I'd often eaten hashish, but I never thought of eating grass until an ex-OSS agent hipped me to it 20 years ago. I gave him a joint of double-dyno, prime Veracruz female tops. We lit up. I got stoned on less than half a joint while the ex-OSS agent smoked the whole stick and registered nothing. A man with that much cool must have been pure terror to the Nazis. When he left I gave him a bag and told him to keep trying.

I didn't see him again until a year later. When I offered him a joint, he said he'd quit smoking. "By the time I smoked up the bag you gave me," he explained, "I realized it was better to *eat* the stuff than to see so much of it go up in smoke. Besides," he added, "eating it gives you a stronger high."

I questioned him, for I'd never heard of eating grass before, certainly not *raw* grass, and he said it was now his custom to eat three heaping tablespoons of manicured female tops every morning. He mixed the grass with dry cereal, sugar and cream. It set him up for the day. The following morning I tried his recipe. But what set Captain Cool up for the day wiped me out till nightfall. He must have had a head of granite.

The next day I reduced the breakfast portion to a single heaping tablespoonful. And that turned out to be just right.

The difference between eating and smoking was quite clear. Eating gave a deeper *body* high than smoking ever had. Naturally, smoking behind that gave a very high head, but when the head subsided, the body hung in there.

Since then, when I have plenty of grass, I eat it along with my morning coffee and that first, fine joint of the day. A point to consider is that when you eat grass you smoke less. It's a good point because eating it is more costly than smoking, since you have to eat much more than you smoke to get off.

There are many ways of preparing grass or hash for eating, if you don't have a taste for either one *au naturel*. Some recipes require cooking, though cannabis itself doesn't require heat. Nor will heat harm it. The recipes for brownies or any other hashish or marijuana preparation are simply the regular cookbook formulas but with grass or hash added. You can throw a handful of manicured tops in soup, stew or salad. As for using raw grass, fresh or dried, in soups, stews, salads, pastries or candies, simply remove the seeds and stems. If you don't care for the taste of cannabis, put it only in strongly spiced dishes such as curries.

We ate this hash candy, and about an hour later I was launched into my first psychedelic trip, an Arabian Nights experience that lasted three days. I missed my ship back.

All you need to know about adding hashish is that you must first crumble it in order to spread it evenly throughout the mixture, for it isn't water-soluble and won't dissolve in most preparations. For instance, you can boil it forever in Turkish coffee and it won't dissolve. If you want to *drink* marijuana or hashish, you can, for it's soluble to some extent in alcohol.

The differences between eating cannabis and smoking it can be dramatic. There are, in general, three ways to eat it. You can eat a little grass as a digestive, eat more for a stimulant or eat still more as an intoxicant and get quite drunk, which is about as far as you can go on grass. But if you eat enough hashish you'll experience a trip very like LSD, psilocybin or mescaline. If you're a novice you might trip on smoking hash (or even grass), but you will assuredly trip, no matter how hard your head, if you *eat* enough. The point is, most of us *can't* smoke enough to trip, no matter how much we smoke, but all of us can eat enough to do so.

Eating raw grass is rather like eating fodder, but hashish is a delicacy, a gustatory delight. I like to take a quarter-gram or so, depending on the hash, and place it inside my lower lip, next to the gum, as many snuff takers do. In this way you absorb the essence slowly through the mucous membrane while you're savoring the taste, and at the same time the hash is being dissolved, crumbling from body heat, and bit by bit being swallowed.

Eating it takes longer to get you up, but longer is better; anticipation of pleasure is itself a pleasure and therefore to be prolonged. If fulfillment is the goal, it is also the end of anticipation, and so I take my time and enjoy it all the way.

There are a few caveats about eating hashish. You rarely see pure hash in this country, and therefore we must give some thought to the additives. The most common are pitch, camphor, spices, datura, henbane and opium. Pitch is a stretcher, and a good one for its purpose, for it smells like the resin of hashish. Camphor and spices are to enchance the piney smell of the resin, thus making the mixture smell like very strong hash. Datura and henbane contain scopolamine, a psychoactive substance used to induce "twilight sleep" during parturition. I have often thought that the nightmarish experiences reported by Baudelaire, Gautier and many other could be attributed to datura and/or henbane in their hashish. Others report differently. François Lallemand believed hashish was revolutionary in the sense that it could stimulate visions of a better world. Bayard Taylor experienced oneness. Fitz Hugh Ludlow experienced what he believed to be metempsychosis.

Opium is the other additive. *De gustibus*. Along the French Riviera your connection may ask you if you want hashish for getting high or for sleeping, *pour rire ou pour dormir*. Since opium doesn't smoke worth a damn except with an opium pipe, and since hashish doesn't smoke any better with an opium pipe than opium does with a hash pipe, opiated hash is clearly for eating. If you plan to smoke your hash, buy it *pour rire*. If you buy it *pour dormir*, don't smoke it. Eat it.

Finally, a word of caution. Eating cannabis in any form, like eating anything else, has its expertise. Proceed intelligently. First determine your personal dosages. When you eat grass or hash you have to eat quite a lot, much more than it takes to get off by smoking, and this means that your high will last much longer. If you eat too much and find you've inebriated yourself, you'll just have to ride it out. Be cool when you eat grass or hash, and don't overeat. Or if you do, then know what you're doing.

What if you eat too much? You'll be drunk. You may barf. You might trip. But you won't die. The ratio of effective-to-lethal doses for THC is 1 to 40,000. The

figure 40,000 is the "safety factor" or minimum lethal dose, as reported by T Mikuriya in New Physician, November 1969. As an indication of how high that ratio is, the safety factor for Seconal and for alcohol is only 10. Taking 100 milligrams as an effective dose of THC and 40,000 doses as the safety factor, then the lethal dose of THC would be 4,000,000 milligrams, a rather unwieldly mass to get into one's stomach, much less keep there.

The effective dose figure comes from a study by Vera Rubin and Lambros Comitas (*Ganja in Jamaica: A Medical Anthropological Study of Chronic Marihuana Use*; Mouton & Co., 1975), wherein the authors claim that the average daily THC intake of heavy grass smokers in the U.S. is only about 100 milligrams, as compared to Morocco (160), India (165), U.S. military in Germany (200) and Jamaica (420). With our modest figure of 100 milligrams, is it conceivable that anyone could ingest 40,000 times that much? Who could remain conscious long enough to eat 4,000,000 milligrams of THC, or anything else of a psychoactive nature? That comes to 8.8 pounds, an impossible dose. And there's no way you can "boil it down," because THC is already the essential crystal, the magic molecule itself.

To determine your eating dosages for grass and hash, start off with a modest amount. You can always eat more later on, when you know better where you're at. And be cautious when getting into a new bag of grass or a new slab of hash until you've tested the potency by eating or smoking a modicum, for although you can't eat yourself to death you can certainly eat yourself sick and you can damn sure eat your way to trouble.

I once made a fool of myself on a quarter-gram of Nepalese in the middle of one of Manhattan's busiest avenues. After tucking this piece of hash in my lower lip I set out for a stroll, taking it slow and easy, getting higher and higher.

Walking up the avenue I noticed something new, a *second* Avenue of the Americas running off from the original one at an angle of about 25 degrees and slightly downhill. This other street was much nicer, its trees greener, sunlight brighter, people prettier and cars shinier. When drivers began honking horns at me and shouting obscenities, I realized I'd better get back onto the original avenue in fact back on the sidewalk if I valued my life. I followed the curbstone like a drunk walking a chalk line all the way home.

One of the oldest hashish confections known to man is *majoum*. It's my favorite, probably because it's the form in which I first ate hash. Back in the Thirties, when I was going to sea, if we tied up alongside a foreign ship the crews would fraternize and do a bit of dealing. I had shipped out of San Francisco as ordinary seaman on the S.S. *Florence*, a freighter bound for the Gulf Coast. When we reached the port of New Orleans we tied up across the dock from a Greek tramp. We drew our pay and packed a few jugs of cane spirits that had ganja buds in the bottle, like the big sugar-candy crystals in rock-and-rye.

The Greek captain gave us a breezy salute from the bridge as we walked across the dock and up the gangway. The crew was waiting for us. They knew only a few phrases of English, and we knew less Greek, but among the lot of us we found enough French, Spanish and Italian words for good communication. They took us to their mess, where the cooks had laid out a big spread. We set our jugs of ganja rum on a table. The Greeks thought it very curious, soaking ganja buds in a bottle of liquor, but they got the idea.

It was now his custom to eat three heaping tablespoons of manicured female tops every morning. It set him up for the day.

When we'd eaten and drunk our fill, the Greek boatswain broke out a wide-mouth, glass-stoppered jar containing a confection that looked like green nougat or pistachio ice cream.

"Majoum!" he said.

He placed a tablespoonful of the green stuff onto as many small dishes as there were men present. All the Greeks were grinning at us and saying "Majoum!" From some of them it sounded like *mad-joum*, from others *mozhoum*. One of my crewmates told me he'd eaten it before. He said it contained hashish. Though I'd smoked hash many times, I'd never thought of eating it. All I knew was that it came from the hemp plant, and you smoked it.

This majoum had the consistency of nougat, or perhaps a little softer, with a bouquet of scents that at first I was unable to separate. The dominant odor was resiny, like the smell of a pine grove. I knew that smell all right, the aroma of high-grade grass. There was also the sharp, sweet smell of honey. It wasn't until I tasted the majoum that the delicate savor of chopped pistachios came through. From the texture I judged the recipe also included sugar and some kind of binder like rice flour or ground arrowroot. But the strongest taste, like the dominant aroma, was the piney, resiny hashish. We ate this hash candy with strong Greek coffee, and about an hour later I was launched into my first psychedelic trip, an Arabian Nights experience that lasted three days. I missed my ship back.

Majoum is very simple to prepare, and there are as many ways to prepare it as you like. I have extracted a basic recipe from many majoums tasted here and abroad. Mix crumbled hashish with raw sugar and powdered arrowroot, add sweet butter and mix thoroughly. Then add a little honey and chopped, unsalted pistachios. Adjust proportions for consistency and taste. Mold mixture into bite-size portions and allow to set. No cooking required. If you can't get hashish, use grass; it doesn't taste like majoum made with hash, but it works. Of course it works. It contains the magic molecule.

How to Live Forev

"How do you stay so young, sir?" Carl Reiner asks Mel Brooks's 2,000-year-old man.

"Exercise. Keeps me alive," comes the answer. "I inhale and I exhale, then I inhale, then I exhale. Then I fall to my knees and pray *fiercely* for 22 minutes that a ceiling shouldn't fall on me or my heart shouldn't attack me!"

He's the only 2,000-year-old around, and long may he wave. But there are probably a couple of lowly amebas living quietly somewhere in Miami who could make him look like a mere whippersnapper. Some species of ameba do not age or die of natural causes, so it's quite possible there's at least one somewhere that remembers how it all began in the primordial sludge bucket.

As evolution proceeded, life decided to improve its survival ratio by changing a little every generation. This meant the new crop was all that mattered to the species, so DNA didn't make any genetic plans for keeping individuals alive past the child-rearing years. Sex and death shared the same coin long before poets and novelists started flipping it.

Nobody protested this state of affairs until one of our ancestors visualized the last farewell and *didn't like it*. Ever since, humans have been uniquely eager to welsh on that marvelous energy-loan from the sun that we call life

People throughout history have hedged their bets with all manner of bizarre rituals supposed to assure the subject a permanent body. And they still do. Ancient Egyptians packed it in interlocking coffins after elaborate treatments with spices, wine, resin and straw. We soak it in dimethylsulfoxide and freeze it in liquid nitrogen. Our forebears took the strongest, fairest member of their flock or tribe, slit him, her or it open and gulped

er Recent Breakthroughs Offer Immortality—Now!

by Gary Stimeling

down the heart or liver for rejuventation. Pope Pius XII, Somerset Maugham and Bernard Baruch, among others, have paid thousands of dollars for Niehans cell transplantation therapy, which is performed by injecting the extracted liver of the fetus of a pregnant ewe. Chinese dog penis vitamins are another example of the genre, as were the chimpanzee testicle transplants of Serge Voronoff, whose popularity in the Twenties decimated the chimpanzee population of Africa. And modern elixirs keep appearing and disappearing like the mirages of alchemy and the Fountain of Youth.

The success rate of life-prolonging gimmicks is close to zero. A 60-year-old today will live an average of two years longer than one would in 1789. Estimates for the increase in lifespan if all known diseases are conquered range from two to ten years. Entropy is the killer. We all slide into planned obsolescence. Everyone ages at about the same rate, but, oddly enough, each organ ages differently. For example, we've lost an average of 44 percent of lung capacity but only 8 percent of brain cells by the time we cash in our molecules.

Today, however, seekers for eternal life know more than ever before about their bodies, and the geometric accumulation of knowledge is offering many hints about the causes of aging. Once more, there is hope for the death of death, perhaps even in the lifetime of some who read this.

Theories

Bioclocks. All creatures seem to have the same number of heartbeats per life, about a billion, and the faster we use them up the faster they're gone. All creatures use the same amount of energy, too, about 45 million calories per pound.

Cornell's Dr. Clive McKay learned that underfeeding slows the life-clock in rats. Maturity is delayed and lifespan doubles when they are later returned to a normal diet. The lifespan of many animals can be tripled by keeping them slightly chilled and minimally fed. As estimated 30 years could be added to our lives by a 3-degree drop in body temperature.

Where is the aging clock? That's still a mystery. Some place it in the cells, probably in the mitochondria, those bundles of folded membranes where the oxidation of sugar provides our energy. Others point to the lysosomes, cellular defense particles that eat invading proteins. As death approaches, an increasing number of lysosomes rupture and digest the cells they are supposed to protect.

Still another group thinks the big slide is controlled by the endocrine glands, probably the pituitary. But the search for such an aging hormone has been frustrating so far. Harvard Medical School's Dr. W. Donner Denckla has tried removing the pituitaries of rats, then gradually replacing the lost hormones one by one. When all 12 known hormones were injected, the rats no longer showed any sign of aging. Yet they still dropped dead right on nature's schedule. The operation was a success but the patient died.

Another theory says serotonin, a neurotransmitter related to LSD, gradually accumulates at nerve junctions, impairing nerve and muscle function. Monoamine oxidase-inhibiting drugs and a diet without the amino acid serotonin precursor called tryptophan both extend animal lifespan.

Still another group looks for the clock in the genes themselves. They figure we are DNA-programmed to self-destruct for the greater glory of natural selection. The "operon" theory visualizes repressor proteins that shut off a gene when the enzyme it makes is no longer needed. Scores of geneticists are now searching for a way to unlock the repressor protein and flip the gene switch back on. They're especially interested in the one that governs cell reproduction.

There is no known cure for death. Most scientific pundits expect a breakthrough sometime in the next century. The problem becomes how to hang around long enough to see it.

Most body cells are very polite. When they touch another cell, they stop growing or dividing in that direction. Cancer cells are the only ones that violate the rule. Once cells specialize into organs in the embryo, they wholly or partially lose the ability to divide. The brain, for example, cannot replace any of its cells that die. The idea is to find a gene transplant or enzyme to reactivate them.

The cells that can divide seem programmed to stop, for Dr. Leonard Hayflick found they all split an average of 50 times and then pass away. The only ones that don't respect this limit are, again, cancer cells. Once we can get the others past the Hayflick barrier, all our organs will be self-renewing except the brain.

Cross-linkage: One of the distinctive traits of age is cross-linking of cell proteins. Molecular links form across parallel chains of protein molecules. Even one cross-link in 30,000 protein components is a drastic occurrence for a cell, for it produces changes exactly like the tanning of leather. Collagen, the protein that glues all our cells together, loses its youthful elasticity, perhaps leading to arthritis. The capillaries are no longer permeable and cells begin to starve. Scientists on this trail are looking for something to reinforce the adversary enzymes in the cell that work to undo the cross-links.

Immunity Breakdown: Yet another hypothesis defines death as a breakdown in the body's system of immunization. Soon after birth, we all go through a process called selfing, in which every chemical compound we own is tagged with our own laundry mark. Thereafter, the cells responsible for fending off invasions will attack anything that doesn't know the secret word. Proponents of this theory argue that the end comes when, due to unknown chemical changes, the immunization system loses the ability to distinguish friend from foe, and the body starts attacking itself. Arthritis seems to result from these deranged police tissues. Thymosin, a hormone of the thymus gland, is an important factor in disease resistance, and injections of it retard aging in those omnipresent mice.

Free Radicals. Though the idea sounds like a Spiro Agnew speech, many researchers are convinced the real culprits are "free radicals." These are atom groups with an unbalanced electrical charge that makes them so reactive they oxidize and destroy organic tissue. They are thought to damage DNA, which then makes misformed enzymes that kill the cell. The chemistry is complex and not yet entirely proven in the lab, but researchers have found that antioxidants—including vitamin E and the BHT added to processed foods to retard spoilage—can slow the aging process in lab animals. Free radicals are postulated as the root cause of cross-linking, chromosome errors and lysosome damage. Among those who view death as simply the most prevalent disease, free radicals are the germ.

Free-radicalists propose three weapons against the pesky particles: 1. Three antioxidants have shown longevity potential. They are 2-mercaptoethylamine, the preservative BHT and Sentoquin, an animal feed preservative made by Monsan-

to. Vitamin E does not have nearly so pronounced an effect as these three. 2. Sulfhydryl drugs seem to protect animals from radiation damage, and sulfur-containing amino acids (from eggs, cabbage and muscle meat) may do the same. 3. Some compounds seem to act as protein-synthesis re-sorters, enabling a cell to tear down protein mistakes and rebuild them correctly. These compounds are folic acid, the sulfhydryls and selenium. Selenium is a mineral, highly toxic in large amounts and found in tuna, herring, anchovies, brewer's yeast, wheat germ, broccoli and onions.

Strategies

Today's aspiring immortalist has pitifully little to use in the quest for extra centuries. There is no known cure for death. Most scientific pundits expect a breakthrough sometime in the next century. The problem, then, becomes how to hang around long enough to see it. For this, there is a variety of choices.

Live Clean. You know the litany—no junk food, lots of fresh fruit and vegetables, plenty of sleep, exercise, an even temperament and a good sex life. These factors are statistically associated with longevity throughout the world. Even amebas can be made mortal by dietary deficiency, and their descendants die, too. Never mind about Adelle Davis (at least she made it past 70). Paul Bragg is past 100 and beginning to look fiftyish. Bernarr MacFadden balled his wife right up until the day he suddenly keeled over like those depituitarized mice at 87.

In the Hunza Valley, Vilcabamba, Caucasian Georgia and the Greek isle of Paros, where the centenarians grow, everybody walks up and down a mountain every day, lives in a supportive society and eats a low-calorie, low-carbohydrate, low-fat diet with ample protein up through maturity and less thereafter. Restricting food intake is exceptionally important, says Cornell's Dr. McKay, who recommends occasional fasting and calls gluttony the major cause of premature aging.

Move: In the natural environment, free radicals are thought to be created very gradually by cosmic rays and background radioactivity in rocks. Western industry has come up with new ways to form them, however. Overeating is one. So are linseed oil paints, rancid fats, plastics and increased radiation from nuclear plants or dumps. The car is another. The ozone in smog forms them easily. Thus in Los Angeles, where ozone levels are 100 to 300 times greater than normal, free radicals accumulate quickly.

Eat Yogurt. Nobelist Elie Metchnikoff thought the large intestine was the cause of aging. Acting as the body's toilet bowl, it accumulates toxins along its lining until the body is poisoned. As a cleansing cure, Metchnikoff adopted yogurt from the long-lived Bulgarian peasants. But he died at an average 71 years of age.

The Committee for the Elimination of Death and the Foundation for Infinite Survival say "Death is a grave mistake" and call death-fear a self-fulfilling prophecy.

Take Vitamins: Vitamins A, C and niacin seem to act as free radical scavengers. Vitamin E, an antioxidant, helps keep them from burning up cells.

Be an ECK Master: Eckankar claims to be the oldest religion on earth. It traces itself back through Tibetan tradition to antediluvian scrolls that speak of Lemuria and Atlantis. Among the succession of ECK gurus, Fubbi Quantz led a most unusual existence. After a lifetime of teaching in India at the time of the Buddha, he supposedly immortalized his body and made several important changes in the world. While traveling in Europe, Quantz was so saddened by the people's ill health that he decided to give them the riches of America. He appeared in a vision to Columbus one night in Genoa, and soon Europe had maize, tomatoes, potatoes and beans. Later he paid a similar visit to Washington at Valley Forge, and the free radicals went on to win the war.

Move Fast: Physicists have pretty well confirmed Einstein's theory of relativity, including the part predicting that matter accelerating to near the speed of light will age more slowly than at lower speeds. Thus, if you can find something to propel you that fast, you could take a five-year cruise to the Large Magellanic Cloud and come back to find that 300,000 years had passed on earth. You might have forfeited the lease on your apartment, but you'd hardly have aged at all.

Take It Slow: Cool is where it's at, baby. Swamis have been telling us for centuries to conserve heartbeats by breathing slow, cultivating tranquility and prohibiting adrenaline. Cold also helps slow metabolism. Unless you can learn to hibernate, though, you'll have to settle for a waterbed filled with cracked ice or long-term work in Antarctica. There is one more alternative—get stoned. Marijuana is the most effective herb known for lowering body temperature, says UCLA Dr. Roy Walford. Both pot and yoga can lower it as much as a degree.

Take Gerovital. Gerovital (GH3) is a synthetic whose rejuvenative value was discovered in the early Fifties by Dr. Ana Aslan of the Geriatrics Institute in Bucharest, Rumania. For decades, a stream of patients brought back glowing tales of the elixir, while European doctors greeted the news first with scorn then with interest. Predictably, the American Medical Association pontificated against the innovation in 1963, but American doctors are beginning to examine the mounting evidence.

The major active ingredient in gerovital is procaine, the anesthetic that was invented as a cocaine substitute and is now used to cut coke and deaden pain as Novocaine. It also contains benzoic acid as a preservative and potassium metabisulfite, an antioxidant. Gerovital is generally given in 100-milligram shots three times a week for a month. It also comes in tablets, first tried in the U.S. by Dr. Vladimir Jancar of Schenectady, who found they also perked up his aging dog Lucky.

Procaine is a chemical marriage of two compounds essential to body function. One half is para-amino benzoic acid, a B vitamin that stimulates the intestinal flora (bacteria) to synthesize vitamin K, folic acid, thiamine (B_1) and cobalamin (B_{12}). The second component is an alcohol called diethylaminoethanol. This is the precursor of another B vitamin, choline, and of the neurotransmitter acetylcholine. Procaine breaks into these parts when ingested, and the other ingredients add a synergistic effect. The result is mental stimulation, mild euphoria and added vitality, leading to improved physical health. American doctors are now beginning to take it seriously, thanks to Dr. Alfred Sapse, who maneuvered the Federal Drug Administration (FDA) into granting a permit to test it, and to media coverage like Mike Wallace's 1972 "60 Minutes" program. Now the Nevada state legislature has legalized the substance without FDA approval. A wealthy real estate syndicator has revamped a failing drug company to make the stuff, and production should begin this winter.

Take Cod-liver Oil. Los Angeles nutritionist Dr. Dale Alexander, dubbed "the codfather" by colleagues, extols cod-liver oil as the most effective way to slow the aging process. When they are absorbed, most nutrients pass into the liver, which stores some and circulates the rest. Dr. Alexander believes that oils can bypass the liver if swallowed on an empty stomach with milk or freshly strained orange juice. Cod-liver oil taken in this fashion is

If All Else Fails, Snow Thyself

One of the most promising life extenders is the infant science of cryogenics, the branch of physics that deals with very low temperatures. Its aim is to freeze a person near death until the living find a way to cure the disease, the theory of which is called cryonics. As yet, no animal has been frozen and revived, although individual organs have worked after thawing. Freezing does work in sperm and blood banks. In 1971, mouse eggs and embryos were frozen in liquid helium near absolute zero for eight days, then thawed. They developed into normal mice when planted in a uterus.

Among the problems is finding a suitable filler compound to replace the blood, but the big headache is the fact that ice expands as it freezes, rupturing water pipes and cells. Experimenters are now trying to freeze under enough pressure (35,000 pounds per square-inch) to keep the ice from expanding.

Even though there's no assurance they'll be anything more than meat when thawed, some 25 people have had their animation suspended to date. The persistent rumor about Walt Disney appears to be false. Seems he was interested, but bowed to family opposition.

Most biologists agree the breakthrough is closer in cryonics than in any other field. An intense five-year research effort would probably do it, and that could be funded by just one wealthy person interested in eternity. Already, insurance companies are writing policies to cover deep-freeze costs, about $50,000 and a $1,000 yearly fee.

not digested for energy, he says, but directly lubricates critical parts of the body. Taken daily for six months, then once a week thereafter, it allegedly lubricates the joints, makes earwax to keep the ears healthy, oils the skin, slows aging in the eyes and builds healthy nails and hair.

Become a Beekeeper: Soviet biologist Nikolai Tsitsin once sent questionnaires to 200 centenarians about their principle food. A surprising number said it was honey, because they were beekeepers. What's more, they sold the clear honey and ate the "dirty residue," which is almost pure pollen.

Eat Garlic: Those Russkies also found that onions and garlic emit a peculiar ultraviolet radiation—Gurwitch rays—that *promotes* the growth of cells.

Shoot Up Placenta: Soviet scientist Alekhper Mekhtiev claims to have completely halted the aging process in 25 people by giving them injections of an extract of human placenta. The old and middle-aged volunteers have "stopped aging since 1966," he claims, with improvements in blood pressure, blood sugar levels, memory, reflexes, disease resistance and sexual function. No lifestyle changes are required except to show up at Odessa's Filatov Institute for alternating series of 45 days of shots and 45 days off. Mekhtiev expects his patients to live to be 200 and has added another 100 to his test program.

Be Reborn: The lemon-meringue-in-the-sky promise of afterlife still has its takers, but now several immortalist groups tout the wonders of positive thinking for an extension of life this side of the pearly gates. For example, the Committee for the Elimination of Death and the Foundation for Infinite Survival say "Death is a grave mistake" and call death-fear a self fulfilling prophecy. As Alan Harrington phrased it in *The Immortalist*, we must stop being fodder for evolution. Rebirth International's Theta Seminars aim to end the deadlock by getting the aspirant to reexperience his or her birth. The idea is to be freed forever of the life-limiting effects of the trauma of birth as practiced in most hospitals—being squeezed through a narrow opening in a slush of blood and mucus, having your umbilical cord hastily cut and being hung up by the heels and spanked until you damn well better start breathing. Most people, so the theory goes, carry this terrible beginning unconsciously with them throughout life, hampering the expansions of both lungs and lifespan.

Carrots and frogs have already been cloned (a whole new organism grown from a single cell), proving that the genes for youth are still in every cell waiting to be reactivated!

Become a Molecular Biologist: This is the only profession that gives you a good chance of being in on the ground floor of eternity. You'll experiment with parabiosis, mixing the blood supply of an old organism with a young one to produce two middle-aged creatures. You can try to get the all-important brain to regenerate.

Salamanders, lizards, worms and crustaceans possess the enviable ability to grow whole new body parts when one is damaged. The best guess why is because their cells are polyploid, that is, having duplicate sets of chromosomes. The only human tissues that can regenerate are the liver and pancreas, and they too are polyploid. Biologists will be experimenting with gene transplants to get other organs to renew themselves. Carrots and frogs have already been cloned (a whole new organism grown from a single cell), proving that the genes for youth are still in every cell ready to be reactivated.

Again, we must learn to turn off the genetic switch as well as on. Some biologists believe animals coped with certain viruses by incorporating them into the chromosomes so they could be switched off and deactivated. During aging, they feel, radiation or free radicals may reactivate these viral genes, probably to produce some kinds of cancer.

After these elementary problems are solved, we'll start learning how to extract a person's memory from the brain as it freezes, then imprint the personality on a reconstituted brain at rebirth time.

Some will be figuring out how to reverse the "spin of death." Amino acids in living tissue always coil to the left or counterclockwise, a state associated with negative electromagnetic energy. Near death, and at a constant rate thereafter, the amino acids "flip over" into a clockwise, right-handed shape that seems to be linked to positive electromagnetism. Comparative analysis of these two forms (racemes) has given archaeologists a reliable measure of how long ago a skeleton died. And Soviet biologist L. V. Komarov claims to have doubled the life of flies by feeding them "magnetized sugar."

Forecasts

Just *what* we can expect *when* is a matter of some dispute. Ashley Montagu hews to the old line that death is essential to natural selection: "Without death there is no life. Youthfulness is the main resource of the species." Endocrinologist W. Donner Denckla states the consensus when he says, "No way in this century" but guesses the first half of the next. Gerontologist Alex Comfort sees a modest 15-year gain by 1990. Biologist Bernard Strehler, who pooh-poohed the whole idea of indefinite life a few years ago, now expects that in 10 years we'll know how to lengthen life by 50, and foresees an eventual lifespan of 20,000 years through gene therapy and creative use of enzymes and viruses.

We should remember that today's daring prediction usually turns out far too pessimistic. Astute prognosticator Arthur C. Clarke called the first artificial satellite correctly at 1957 in his first novel in 1947, but guessed a decade late on the first moon landing of 1968. Anyway, in 1962 he forecast immortality for 2095.

Every scientist this writer spoke with agreed the breakthrough could come much sooner with a wiser federal research effort and more money, perhaps even a Manhattan Project for life. Free radicalist Denham Harman feels too much is being poured into cancer and heart research, which has failed so far and promises only a few additional years

(continued on page 83)

These Boots are Made for Smoking...

There's plenty of dope at the Hotel California

Colombian Hash

Has the family been telling you to pull yourself up by the bootstraps? If so, you're in the market for real elevator shoes, and the following pictures should give you a lift. Platforms are out, out, out—especially at Customs counters—so these custom-made, oh-so practical work boots are just the footwear for smugglers who don't mind sacrificing a little fashion for a lot of profit.

Underneath that musty pair of sweat socks and year-old odor eaters, the sly owner of these particular shoes tucked several kilos of Chicle hash from Colombia's Llanos Valley. This is the third year that campesinos in that blessed spot have prepared these dark, flat cakes from the primo tops of the choicest marijuana plants.

And for the third year, the mysterious wise men from Laguna who brought the Oriental secrets of hash to the valley have made their journeys northward, wearing simple shoes made for them by local artisans and carrying their potent wares. Our hearts go with them. May they never walk alone and may they avoid strange shoeshiners. ◻

DRYING OUT

Liquor, women and punk rock aren't all there is to life.
There's also TV.

The life and hard-drinking times of America's foremost punk,

by Legs McNeil

It was a day like any other. I was sleeping it off, happy as a pig in shit, when the poisons in my body declared war and charged up my tracheo-esophagus like an armored Panzer division. Before I could duck, cold consciousness was flung in my face. Oh no, I'm awake again. Why me? Give me a break, God. I'm just a kid. My mouth tastes like a Mesopotamian plague pit. Where am I, anyway? And who's this other nekkid party on the bed here? Hope it's not a guy, sweet Jesus. It didn't matter, nothing mattered, not where I was, who it was, *what* it was. Nothing mattered, only getting a hit of coke. *Coke* coke, I mean.

"Oh God! Let there be Coca-Cola!" Acting on unwritten Punk law, I decided to make a federal production out of it, shouting hoarsely and expelling flecks of alcoholic garbage, dry salivated bourbon resin and great green gollies of snot choking every word. I could practically taste the clear cool mountain stream of hydrosulfuric soda pop burning the scum off my tongue, sluicing away the dehydration. It was a tonic in every respect, an elixir for man, child and beast. The palpable thought of it sent a puddle of maldigested chunder boiling up my pipes to christen the sheets with a wave of rich, warm, flocculent puke. I was in my element, life had a purpose—drinking Coke. "My mouth tastes like unto an ashtray Lord, comfort me with Coke."

C'mon Legs, let's have some fun." It was awake and a woman, to judge by the shape of her, hungry for joy and fulfillment. This was her primitive form. Sorry to relate, Legs drunk was a better man than Legs sober, and the prospect of intimacy just now filled him with a wish to vomit that was not to be denied. Choking it down, I opened my mouth and exhaled. Dig this: a black cloud of scummy morning breath that sent her coughing and gagging to the other end of the bed. Then I explained that a 12-ounce bottle from the corner deli would do young Legs a world of good, and would she be a doll and fetch some? Soon our hero was left alone to consider the error of his ways. And not a moment too soon, for it was time to turn on the TV or I'd miss the cartoons.

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Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha! Just in time for "Heckle and Jeckle"! Just look at them shove that stick of dynamite up that fat cat's ass! Ba-BOOM!" Things were looking better already, and by the second commercial I'd become curious enough to wonder what I'd really done the night before. I fumbled for the telephone and, without looking away from the tube, correctly dialed the number of Punk magazine, where photo editor Roberta Bayley made herself useful by remembering what I had done the night before at CBGB's, a dive club on the Bowery. She worked there too, collecting money at the front door from fellow punks who gathered for wine, women and song. So Roberta was in the key position to catch the latest comings and goings and had the dirt on everybody in Punk rock.

"Hello, Roberta . . . Yeah, I'm still alive. . . . What? Oh no, not again. Did I throw up? . . . All over his shoes? Oh shit. Uh, do you know where I am? I mean, do you know who I went home with? . . . Oh her! I know her. Where is she now? Oh, she went to get me some Coke."

Goodbye, Roberta. Now I sat in front of the TV, letting it comfort me like an old friend. Television is one of the best things about being a drunk. Even though getting and being drunk is a whole adventure in itself, so is recovering and being hungover. Not that being hungover is much fun, but as long as you're gonna drink every night and regret it later, you might as well make it as enjoyable as possible. And television made it enjoyable indeed. Everybody knows that alcohol kills brain cells. If you drink a lot you've got to expect to become slightly retarded, and soon you are fit to appreciate television. Don't, on the other hand, look into a mirror. It gives you the creeps, going to bed looking like an 18-year-old kid and waking up looking like Humphrey Bogart in *The African Queen*.

At this point Zelda returns with my Coke, and it is, as advertised, a sovereign refresher. As energy and motor control return, an anxiety to escape this boring girl and find out where the action is gives me a clear plan of action. "You'll call me, won't you?" she asks with a pathetic puppy-dog look, showing how scared she is to be alone. Alone in the Big City. "Sure, even though you are a drunken bum, at least you're someone to talk to." So she tells me how much she likes me and "how good I'll be for you" and writes her phone number on the back of a match pack.

"Sure, I'll call you. Bye." Shit! I think on the way out, how do I get into these things? Because you were too drunk to get home and didn't have the money for a cab, my fine mind replies. I lost the matchbook before I got to the first bar and had a drink to forget her, a mercy, no doubt, to her poor aging mother, her ailing dad and her two-headed brother studying for the priesthood.

Fortified by a few thimblefuls of nutritious alcohol, I was ready to start worrying about getting to a party, *the* party. First stop, the offices of Punk, located beneath Manhattan's abandoned West Side Highway and above a couple of trucking companies, in the middle of nowhere, as a matter of fact. The only other tenants of the building were a tribe of Puerto Ricans upstairs, hiding out, refusing to learn English, awaiting the day when Puerto Rico would become a superpower so they could return and collect welfare on the beach. Seemed like a perfectly good aim in life to me.

Only in our cozy office, reinforced by the distilled juices of the potato and a few cool tubes of frosty amber lager, did my mission in life begin to stir. Every day the words and music seemed to jump out of the magazine like news from a battlefront. We were like generals huddled over maps and battle plans, advancing little flags and arrows representing thousands of troops and munitions. A New Order was in the making, and once every bored teenager got hold of it, there would be no way of

Punk music was all new, none of that tired hippie shit some slow-talking FM DJ played. It was loud, sexy, fast, violent energy.

stopping it. All we had to do was sit back, get drunk and laugh as it grew into a "trend" that the media condemned, analyzed and intellectualized, totally missing the joke.

New York was in its early stages of Punk chic and was a hotbed of talent. The Ramones, Patti Smith, Richard Hell, Blondie, Talking Heads, Dictators, Dead Boys, Suicide and countless other fine bands were bringing rock back to life in a gin mill called CBGB's. The music was so varied that no label could properly apply, except for that all encompassing name, rock and roll. One thing was certain about the music. It was all new, nothing recycled. It wasn't any of that tired hippie shit that some slow-talking, hip FM DJ tried to convince you was cool. It was loud, sexy, fast, violent energy, the energy that zipped through you when the cops were chasing you for busting all the windows on the school buses parked behind the Stop and Shop. Its only message was get drunk, get laid, get happy. As the Dictators put it, "Car, girls, surfing, beer/nothin' else matters here." Who needed dope? Dope expands your mind and makes you think how shitty life is. Just Scotch for me, thanks.

On any given night you could see the Ramones and Talking Heads at CBGB's, zoom up to Max's and catch Blondie or swing over to Zeppz to hear the Dictators. Somebody was playing every night of the week, something was always happening. The scene was very tight, the bands hung out together, patting each other on the back and waiting for the recording contracts that would launch them to fame and fortune. Hanging out drinking and picking up ladies were good ways to spend your time while waiting for your band to become a household word. Two Ramones, two Taking Heads, a couple of Dictators, a bunch of Miami's, a Heartbreaker, maybe a Marty or Allen Suicide were perfect for a fun night of hanging out.

And hanging out is an art in itself, main objective being to pass as much time as possible while appearing to have much more important things to do. Another important aspect of hanging out was to obtain as much gossip as possible so you always had something to talk about. I failed horribly in this department as I always got too drunk to retain any information I might have picked up, which usually amounted to hot tips that if the Ramones had a new album coming out, it would almost certainly be on Sire.

A lot of nights I just passed out and was left lying on the floor under some table, unless some cute young thing took pity on me and carried me to her place. But I wasn't always so lucky and will remain permanently in debt to many unknown persons who made sure I got home safely. To this day I can't remember how I got home half the nights over a two-and-a-half-year period. Some things are best left a mystery. I'm sure of that.

Before I realized what was happening I found myself on a train heading for a nice, quiet loony bin in the country.

Life became a gruesome task of just surviving. It was a real effort just to get drunk. And then for some reason I began to get sick a lot, real sick, puking up blood, going into horrible fits of the shakes that lasted hours. Food wouldn't travel down my throat and my personal aroma was often compared to that of a freshly opened mass grave. I had totally degenerated into a Bowery bum and was just as wacko. I can't remember just how low I did sink, but loyal friends who do my remembering for me have told me perfectly straight-faced stories of me crawling around on my hands and knees, drinking out of mud puddles.

Finally, Punk Editor John Holmstrom and Tom Katz, acting publisher, took me out for a drink one afternoon and told me that if I didn't seek help for myself, they'd find it for me. Before I realized what was happening I found myself on a train heading for a nice quiet loony bin in the country.

I was taken straight to the head shrink and, after admitting yes, I think I'm crazy in ten words or less, I was given a room on the psychiatric ward. "I hope they have television." That was my only concern as the nurse showed me to my new home.

It was nice enough, but I wondered how long they could keep me locked up. I checked to see if I could slip out of my window and discovered that it overlooked the emergency ward. At least I was where the action was. I had a terrific view of the ambulance attendants bringing in mangled bodies. The nurse confiscated my razor blades and other sharp instruments of self-destruction, made me pee in a plastic cup and turned me loose to make friends with other nuts.

Most of the patients were older people who could no longer cope with day-to-day existence, but there were a few people my own age I could play with. Most of them were unfortunate souls whose minds stopped in the Sixties and could only relate to getting high, but I managed to get them involved in wheelchair races.

I spent most of my days shooting pool, drawing war pictures and playing with army men John Holmstrom gave me as a going-away present. Sire Records sent me all the Ramones albums. I played them constantly and tried to get the other kids to listen to them, thinking they'd be able to relate to "Pinhead," "Carbona, Not Glue," "I Don't Wanna Go Down to the Basement" and "Texas Chainsaw Massacre." But I guess the songs came too close to home. Every time I played them in the music room, all the kids would grab their James Taylor albums and run. Soon I was regarded by my fellow patients as a Class-A Loony.

My doctor also thought I was an interesting case. His name was Chow, a Chinese or Japanese guy who could barely speak English. He spent our sessions searching me for hemorrhoids, which I guess he thought were the roots of mental illness. After a week of this he returned to the Orient. The next doctor visited was especially interested in my war pictures that showed soldiers getting shot and blown up in graphic detail. Subsequently he revoked my passes for outside walks and cigarettes.

One night all these buzzers went off, and some ugly lady came running down the hall half naked. The orderlies quickly nabbed her and shoved her into a cell. After that I realized these doctors and nurses were playing for keeps, and if you weren't a good boy or girl, it was into the slammer. I never got there, but from what I heard there was no television or magazines, and you just had to stay in bed and do nothing all day.

Young Legs could take no more of this. Hanging out with nuts, being confined to quarters and a persistent sense of neglected thirst drove me to plan my escape. The opportunity came when an old girlfriend found out I was in the laughing academy and phoned up for a visit. But the day she was due, the nurse said I couldn't see her because visiting hours would be over when she arrived. I began packing. Against my doctor's orders, I signed myself out and strolled past the gates to the appointed place. She was gone. Oh no, she couldn't have just left me, not now, not when I was on my last Legs, so to speak. I waited 15 minutes. I wondered if it was too late to go back inside. It was. I lit a cigarette, watched the lights go out in the hospital windows and thought, "Well, New York here I come." ■

Nomad

African Khat

On safari in pursuit of loco weed, the cocaine of the Dark Continent

Khat: the cocaine of Africa—the mint green leaf of the shrub *Catha edulis*—is a way of life in the new nation of Djibouti and the ancient land of Yemen. Grown on large farms resembling old-world tea plantations in Ethiopia's rainy and embattled southeastern Harrar Province, its rough, bushy plant also thrives in the cool mountains of Yemen, where glossy-eyed Arabs ruminate its invigorating leaf like so many campesinos chewing coca.

After cultivation and harvest, branches of leaves are rushed to Diredawa, Ethiopia's civil-war-torn transportation hub, for the midnight flight to clients across the Djibouti frontier. In Yemen the precious crop comes down from the mountains the quickest way possible, for the khat leaf is perishable and must remain fresh or lose its potency. It's efficacy after cutting lasts for roughly 24 hours, and then only if the leaves are kept moist.

Not even the Somali-led insurgency in southeast Ethiopia has interrupted the rapid transshipment from Diredawa to Djibouti. The khat run has been a twice-daily affair on Ethiopian Airlines. It is so lucrative that African observers are confident it will continue unhindered even if the Somalians win the siege of Diredawa. Meanwhile, the cargo is increasing daily and stands presently at eight tons a day. When

by A. Craig Copetas and Gary Putka

khat arrives in Djibouti, the normally listless tropical port explodes into a bustling metropolis.

By late morning, motorbikes, trucks and cars carrying wholesale traders make the three-mile speedway dash to the airport to buy up the natural stimulant by the bag as soon as it is offloaded.

Although khat has been illegal in Djibouti ever since the country gained its independence in 1976, the newly-vested authorities have followed the colonial French example of looking the other way. Indeed, using the tactics employed by the Americans in Vietnam, France tacitly encouraged the chewing to keep the natives quiet. In the century of French occupation, the use of khat in the former territory of the Afars and Issas grew from an occasional diversion for a few Issas tribesmen to a national pastime for the male population.

Today French soldiers are on hand at Djibouti's airport to help the importers carry away the prize goods for street auction. Buyers flock around the sun-sheltered stalls to bid for bags. In less than 20 minutes the airport is empty again, as buyers rush back to town. The first to return is thought to have the freshest load to offer retailers, who sell khat from mini-stands or stalls throughout the city.

Women, according to tradition, abstain from chewing khat because they don't like the taste. Men of all ages start their daily dreams at noon, after the airport rush, when the stuff is readily available on the street.

The khat habit puts some families in a bind, as a bunch costs nine French francs ($2), a third of a day's wages for most laborers. There are many unemployed in the new nation, but the chewing tradition hasn't changed, so such purchases impose a hardship on the poor families who make up most of the khat-consuming population in the tiny republic.

In turn, khat provides a relief for the unemployed, helping them forget their troubles. To sit all afternoon chewing khat until the sun goes down at dinnertime is as common in Djibouti as decadent café life in Paris.

Chewing takes place only after the user selects the good leaves and casts off the undesirable ones with the stems. As with coca, the mastication process slowly takes place as the wad of leaves is alternately chomped and swished around until it dissolves and a new supply is needed. Most chewers prefer to use only one cheek for their khat, causing a sort of national epidemic of "hamster" facial malformations. Khat also colors teeth a yellowish green.

Coca-Cola or Pepsi is sipped along with the *broutage*, for the combination of caffeine and khat makes an exciting high. In addition, users like to smoke contraband American cigarettes with their afternoons of fun and forgetting.

Somalian khat eaters

Happy chewers

Ethiopian marketplace

Harrar street vendors

Nomad buys khat supply

Leaf run from Diredawa to Djibouti

Pick-up hour

in a funduk

Yemeni khat dealer

Nomad walks away with fistful of leaf

Deal is struck

French soldier unloads shipment

in Djibouti

Chewing leaf in Yemen

Photos: Patrick Frilet/Black Star

Khat has been classified by the French Narcotics Bureau in the B category (marijuana has the same classification), meaning that possession can be subject to fine or jail. The stimulant is legal in the United States, but climatic conditions in most of the country do not favor its cultivation. As no formal studies of khat have ever been made, long-term effects of its use are not known.

The new government in Djibouti, under President Hassan Gouled, has hinted that it would take measures against the khat traffic. Government ministers, however, have had their own special loads of leaf flown to them at conferences in other parts of Africa and Europe.

Just across the border in Ethiopia, growers are happy their produce is still a cherished item in Djibouti, for without the foreign buyers they would be hard-put to find a new market. Only a small amount is chewed in Ethiopia, and the government is not too happy about the profitable crop. Peasants devote huge acreages to khat, depleting land needed for vital food crops.

In the past, fresh leaves were transported by train, but a group of rebels blew up a bridge on the strategic railway between Djibouti and Ethiopia in June 1977, and the line has not been repaired. So now the air run is the only practical route to convey fresh khat to Djibouti. Nomads sometimes traverse the desert border by night in illegal camel caravans that arrive the next morning with small loads.

Last year Ethiopia exported 1,400 tons of khat by air, which represents more than a quarter of Djibouti's foreign agricultural imports, listed at 5,400 tons annually. No one knows how many tons of leaf reach the new republic clandestinely.

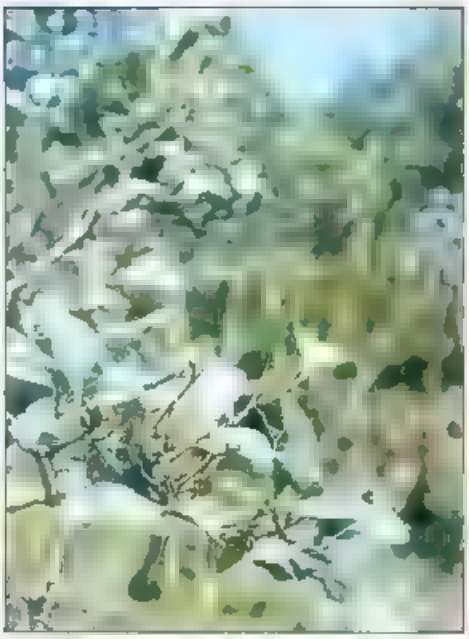
The khat scene in the Yemeni capital of Sana is similar to Djibouti's, but with several picturesque and debilitating differences. Unlike Djibouti, Sana has special khat houses, seedy cafés or inns found off the sidewalk, where users may take their daily doses while puffing on water pipes and drinking cola for more soothing kicks. You can buy khat over the counter in these *funduks* and even chew all night with lodgings at your disposal for the total fall.

The situation is more intense in Sana because khat chewing has engulfed the town with funduks, enticing users to socialize with other chewers and communicate with the *madhar* (water pipe) that replaces the American cigarette used in Djibouti. The inns encourage more intensive and numerous uses of khat, but the biggest reason why users outnumber their kind in Djibouti is that a bunch of leaves costs about half as much. Yemen, directly across the straits of Bab al Mandeb from Ethiopia and Djibouti, grows its own khat bushes in a similar climate, but there is no foreign commerce in the leaf.

The bushes grow in the mountains

Ethiopian harvest

Ethiopian khat farm



Close-up of Catha edulis

Trail driver for khat caravan

where the famous mocha coffee once thrived. But the coffee is slowly disappearing because Yemeni farmers have decided to concentrate on the profitable, easy-to-care-for khat, planting seedlings as soon as a row is plowed.

Because khat can be cut easily and is sold quickly on a daily basis, business is booming. As soon as the crops are cut, baskets come down from the mountains, sometimes in cars, jeeps or trucks, sometimes on muleback, to be sold in the open market and at street stalls or in specialty shops that sell nothing else. Farmers usually deliver the crop directly, and they must pay a fixed "khat tax," according to the weight of a load entering Sana.

As in Djibouti, it's a mad rush to town before noon to catch the first customers with the freshest batches, wrapped in husks to keep them moist. Yemenis stop work promptly at 12:00, rush to the nearest market and buy their daily needs. The stalls and shops are only open for 12 to 14 hours for the quick sales of leaves cut in fields early that morning.

Khat time in Yemen is midday to midnight. People rush home to chew their troubles away or share them at the local funduk. Because of this tradition, nothing is open after noon, and even offices close down until the following morning.

Everyone chews—workers, policemen, soldiers, bureaucrats and merchants. In Sana there is even a minority of women who indulge, a rare instance of nondiscrimination in the sexist Arab world. The government that came to power in 1974 would like Yemenis to kick the habit and transform plantations back to fruit and coffee crops, something which may be physically impossible to do because the land has been ravaged by so many years of khat growing.

Khat was once a social problem for the neighboring People's Democratic Republic of Yemen (South Yemen), the only Marxist Arab state, but the government outlawed it. However, users in South Yemen so far have had no need to fear any legal reprisals. Although khat is forbidden there, it is tolerated.

In northern Somalia, which has a climate like neighboring Ethiopia, some khat is grown but there are few chewers. Djibouti, Yemen and Ethiopia are the only countries in the world where significant amounts of khat are consumed, posing a sociological problem for the Horn of Africa, now in the throes of violent military problems. As the military situation worsens, some top officials are pleased to ignore the favorite pastime of euphoric citizens, and an increasing number are glad to join them for the traditional, all-day high.

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HERE I COME, LINDA SUE! I HOPE YOU'RE HUNGRY!

YOUR DOPE IS SO GOOD, FREDDY, I'M ABSOLUTELY FAMISHED!

EEEEEK! COCKROACHES!

(SIGH!) WELL, I GUESS I GET TO DRINK BEER AND WATCH TV TUBE AGAIN TONIGHT!

SCREAM ROACHES! ROACHES!

SLAM

MY GOD! MY GOD! THESE ROACHES ARE OUT TO GET ME! I'M GONNA BE SICK!

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AFTER BEING SICK, FAT FREDDY DECIDES TO TAKE A DUMP AND CONTEMPLATE HIS PROBLEMS

I WONDER IF THE BATHROOM ROACHES ASSOCIATE WITH THE KITCHEN ROACHES?

NO! NOT ROACHES ON THE TOILET PAPER! I CAN'T STAND IT! I'M GOING TO WRITE THE LANDLORD!

ROACHES RUINING MY LIFE! THEY PARK THEIR KIDS IN THE CLOCK RADIO! THEY PUT THEIR LEFTOVERS IN THE REFRIGERATOR! I EVEN SAW ONE IN THE BATHTUB ON A LITTLE SKATEBOARD! THIS IS GOING TO BE MY DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE!

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COME RIGHT OVER! IT'S EITHER ME OR THE ROACHES!

KNOCK KNOCK

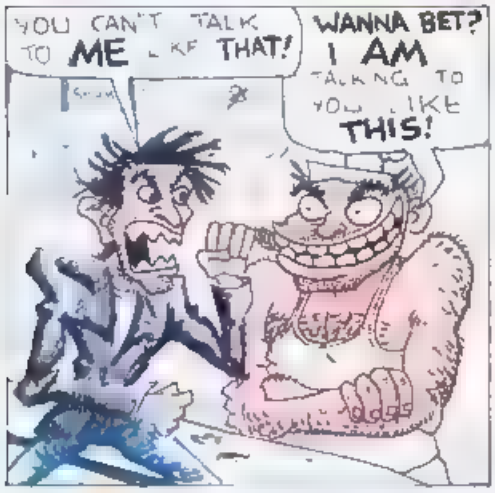
IT'S DOWN THE TUBE FOR YOU, ROACHES! HERE'S THE ROACH MAN!

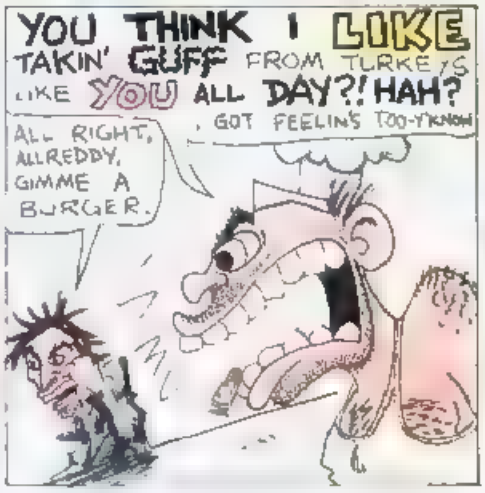
the end.

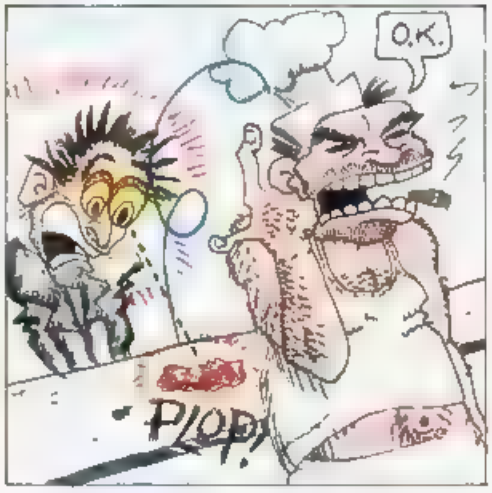
LEGS EATS AT
JOE'S
THIS LOOKS LIKE A GOOD PLACE TO EAT!
SPECIAL TODAY WATER SOUP 10¢

COULD I SEE A MENU?
NO!

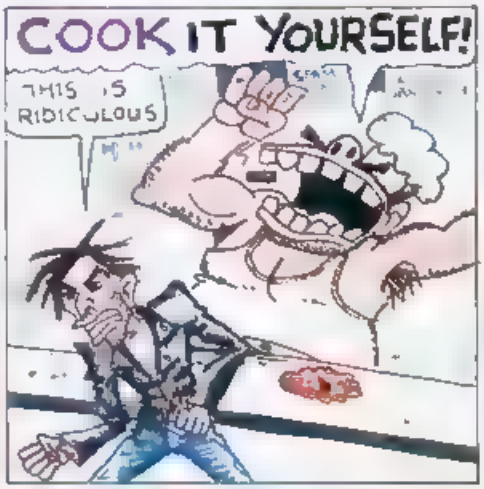
WHY NOT?
CAUSE I SAID SO-MUSTARD-BRAIN!

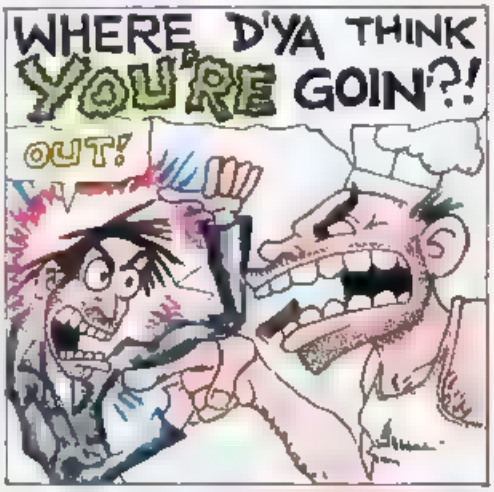

YOU CAN'T TALK TO ME LIKE THAT!
WANNA BET? I AM TALKING TO YOU LIKE THIS!

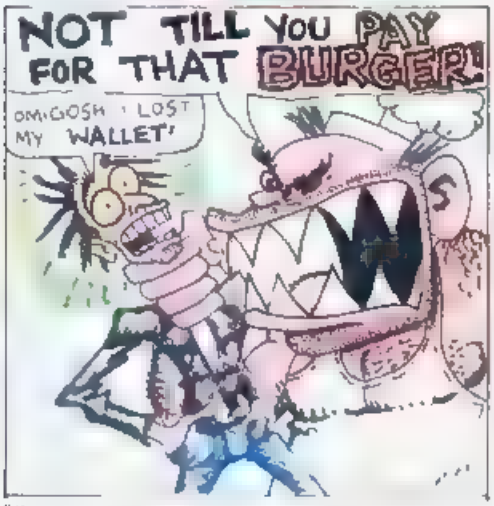

YOU THINK I LIKE TAKIN' GUFF FROM TURKEYS LIKE YOU ALL DAY?! HAH?
I GOT FEELIN'S TOO-Y'KNOW
ALL RIGHT, ALLREDDY, GIMME A BURGER.

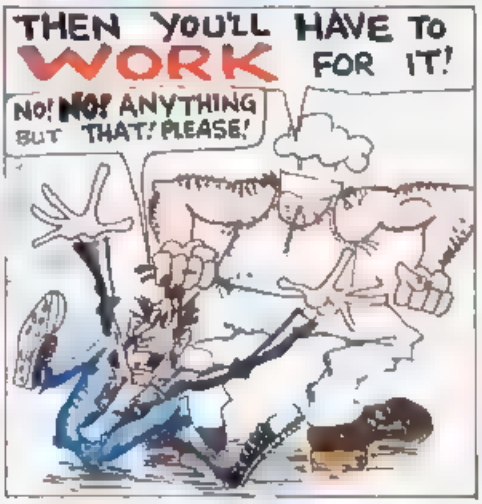

O.K.
PLOP!

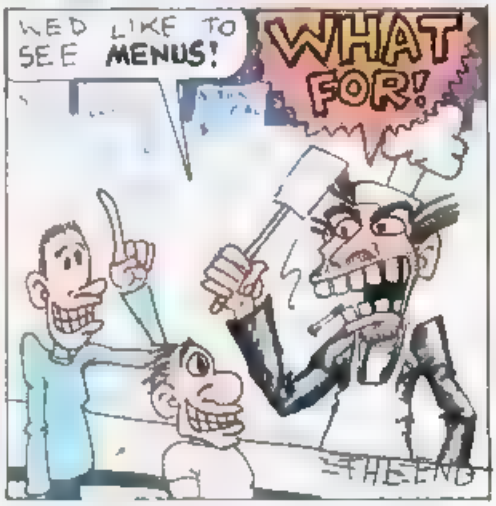
YOU THINK I'M GONNA EAT THIS? IT'S NOT EVEN COOKED!!
OH, YOU WANT IT COOKED!! HE WANTS IT COOKED!! WHY DIDN'T YOU SAY SO IN THE FIRST PLACE!!


COOK IT YOURSELF!
THIS IS RIDICULOUS


WHERE D'YA THINK YOU'RE GOIN'?!
OUT!


NOT TILL YOU PAY FOR THAT BURGER!
OMIGOSH I LOST MY WALLET!


THEN YOU'LL HAVE TO WORK FOR IT!
NO! NO! ANYTHING BUT THAT! PLEASE!


WED LIKE TO SEE MENUS!
WHAT FOR!
THE END

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BEFORE WE BEG I'D LIKE TO DEMONSTRATE SOME OF OUR LIH-WARES!

KEN LANDGRAF

FIRST, I'D LIKE TO SHOW YOU THIS FINE SATURNIAN SMACK...

NOW TO MOVE ON TO THE AUCTION OF THE *VENUSIAN VALIUM!*

WOW! THIS IS SUCH GOOD SHIT, FOLKS, THAT I'M GETTIN' AN INCREDIBLE RUSH!

IN *FACT*... I THINK I'M GONNA...

FREAK OUT!

LATER...

WITH ALL THAT DOPE IN HIM, OLD SEYMOUR MAKES A GREAT *HIGH!*

RIGHT ON! A COOL AUCTIONEER IS JUST AN AUCTIONEER...

...BUT COOL DOPE GETS YOU *WASTED!*

THE END

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LSD Now

(continued from page 46)

ity and the widespread availability of LSD and other psychedelics are irrelevant. Even though I agree on one level that acid is O.K. because it is not necessary, and there are other methods to get to those spaces, I know for me and for many people I am very much in love with, we couldn't have gotten to those spaces without LSD.

So I want to just say something for a few minutes about how we can do something, as we did with the war, to get ourselves in a position where these drugs can be used by anyone who wishes to use them. And it is really rather a political analysis that most of us are very much aware of. But the presupposition of all this is that these drugs are necessary for most of us to be able to break our programming sufficiently enough to have some hope of getting to our totality, where we can be loving and compassionate and understanding.

I think that the awareness that we need to act politically is simply this. Drugs are used and passed along privately, between consenting parties. How do the police, the drug police, know when a drug crime has been committed? By having an elaborate intelligence system, so elaborate that it can penetrate private lives. So you have wiretapping, electronic surveillance, undercover agents.

All that is for naught really unless they have a target. They can't tap everybody's phone. They would have this incredible amount of data, and how would they find out what they want? So what they need—the essential thing for the drug law enforcement, the technique without which it can never work—is the informer! At least 90 percent of all drug busts, by the narcs' own admissions, are through informers.

Now who are whose informers? They are us. I mean you and I. You get busted, you get a choice. You cooperate or they give it to you as much as they can. That is coerced informing, right? And they have tremendous power. They have the whole punitive power of the state behind them.

The penalty structure facilitates the recruitment of informers. What they are asking you to do is give names, and of course they have you set people up. Or you are going to go 15 years, 10 years, life, whatever. When they do that, what are they asking you to do? They are asking you to betray your friends. Your friends.

Art Kunkin: I started what has been called the first underground newspaper in the Sixties, the L.A. Free Press. I ran that paper for ten years, doing what I could to build up the network of communications throughout the country. We had to display a different kind of news about different kinds of people, different kinds of philosophies and about forces that were hitherto invisible in the United States.

As many of you know, in 1969 I published a list of all the narcotics agents in California, with their home addresses and phone numbers. As a result of that action, I eventually was forced into bankruptcy by the government. It went all the way up to the Supreme Court and was finally resolved in my favor last November. At the moment I am planning to start another paper that is adequate for the Seventies.

What I think has happened with LSD is that a whole generation had a religious experience. We had, while facing the problem of the Vietnam War, a whole new sense of the unity of mankind, which before that was restricted to a few mystics who of course had great influence on the social structure and societies in which they lived.

The LSD experience, what we have been through in the Sixties, has brought us to a whole new philosophy that man is not the center of the universe, that we are simply the transformer of energies in a sort of cosmic ecology for which we are responsible.

Some of the 4,000 who crowded the acid panel.

LSD is not just a curiosity, it is in many respects of the greatest scientific interest.
— Dr. Albert Hofmann

I also think that those of us who came out of the Sixties with the sense of need to reconstruct society found that we didn't do very well.

But a new communication has resulted right up here among the people whom I've known for many years, many who have disagreed and who have come together for the first time, and I think that is very symbolic.

What I am trying to drive at is that those who were interested in political action, the question of drug laws, have the responsibility of going out and forming new kinds of political movements that are not full of the sectarianism that dominated the Old Left.

This is to my mind the great challenge that is in front of us to take the consciousness and the individual headspace that we all managed to develop and begin asking ourselves what it's all for and how can we use it. I want to introduce this idea of what does the consciousness movement do now that it has reached a certain peak, a certain point of development. What does it have to say now about changing the social structure of our time and bringing about a world that we and our children can live in, in peace?

John Beresford: I am interested in trying to form a committee of people who will assume the responsibility to try to ease things up, to try to get LSD into the hands of a wider range of people than those who presently are entitled to use it under the NIMH regulations. To get LSD use out of the confines of institutions and to try to clean up the whole thing and get it back the way it was in pre-1963.

Allen Ginsberg: I think the politicization that we practiced in the Sixties was too anxious and perhaps escalated the police thing as much as it escalated the war.

We may have been completely wrong about our approach to the war as well as to the drug scene. We ourselves may be responsible for the adverse reaction to LSD because of all of our aggressive loud-mouthing. And I think you younger people should be aware of that too. As well as all the self-congratulations.

Bruce Eisner: I disagree with any self-congratulatory attitude that it's all over, it's all done with. I think that we have this whole planet to deal with right now, and I think that LSD is a very powerful tool for change. I'm sure that many people in this audience have used LSD. But there's not very many people in the whole world that have used it. And how much have we accomplished so far and where are we going to?

Now, I'm not against any other techniques for change. I think that all changes, all methods of consciousness change are useful tools. Gestalt therapy in psychology or biofeedback, nutritional therapies, sensory deprivation, sensory overload.

Ralph Metzner: If you'll re-

(continued on page 79)

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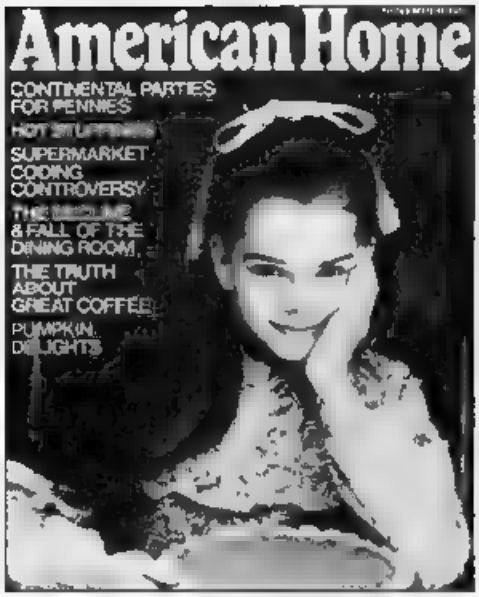
Brooke Shields

Million-dollar jailbait. She must have been a beautiful baby, because today she's America's most famous 12-year-old hooker.

by Ed Dwyer



The most perfect nymphette in all creation has been found—in America. Her name is Brooke Shields. Brooke's hair is elegant brown and clean, her skin pale and puritan, her eyes sinfully blue and her lean body just starting to curve into womanhood. She's a sultry mix of all-American virgin and nascent whore. She's the hottest new young thing in movies since a smoldering preteen named Elizabeth Taylor stiffened up Louie Mayer's cigar. She is only 12 years old and destined to be the sex symbol of 1984.

In Louis Malle's steamy *Pretty Baby*, Brooke is Violet, a baby prostitute raised to the chicken trade by her hooker mother (Susan Sarandon). The Frenchman's film centers on the bordello in the old Storyville district of New Orleans, where Violet lives. The year is 1917, and smack in the middle of that red-light area, bubblin' with sin, smoke and jazz, grows a female child raised on a diet of cock money.

Patrician Brooke is devastating as a little lady who fucks and sucks for bucks. She eases like a veteran through moods that alternate between vulnerable, hot, angelic, mocking and sinful. She seduces both Keith Carradine and the camera in erotic scenes guaranteed to remain sensational for years. Brooke took to Violet's story like a whore takes to champagne. What's more, she is intoxicating to watch.

Brooke Shields is a sultry mix of all-American virgin and whore.

Brooke's looks have been her business all her young life. Extraordinarily beautiful even as an infant, Brooke was immediately steered by her mother, ex-model Teri Shields, into a modeling career. Her huge portfolio includes stints as the Ivory baby, a Breck girl, a Colgate kid, plus scads of cover-girl appearances in both women's and family magazines.

She's been playing the prepubescent vamp since she was eight. At that tender age, she dropped her Carters for a photographer and posed nude. Later, she camped it up suggestively in full Victorian bimbo rig—garter belt, silk stockings, high heels. Brooke became a favorite subject for premier photographers like Avedon and Scavullo.

By day she was the face that sold, at night she was the princess of wet dreams. Her torrid freshness became an underground legend among the talent set. Producers literally held their breaths, waiting for the remarkable Brooke Shields to reach a reasonable age of fuckability, not yet legal but oh, so sweet. Welcome to the end of innocence, Brookie.

Now with *Pretty Baby* done, Brooke is being flooded with movie proposals. So far, she's been inked to play the teenage Lucretia Borgia in an upcoming period thriller. And she is slated to star as the tormented young murderess in Alfred Sole's *Communion*. By law she's not permitted to expose her endearing young charms in a magazine until she's 18. Nevertheless, Brooke recently posed starkers for a lavish Penthouse pictorial spread.

Brooke is the first serious actress to violate the preteen sex taboo. Unlike pugnacious Jodie Foster or puerile Tatum O'Neal, she's the delicious stuff of teenage fantasies become flesh; barely old enough to want, but too young to get. A sweet bird of youth, she comes armed with a sultry self-possession that alarms the sexually insecure adult. A mere prediction of a woman, she stirs erotic passions often better left unsatisfied.

She's a sweet temptation to all but blind men and eunuchs. She's sister, daughter, sex object, victim, lover, tramp. We can look forward to watching her fill out over the next decade. Brooke Shields is not just another pretty baby, baby. ■

Photos: Opener and bottom row, Brian Hamill/Photoreporters; top center, Francesco Scavullo

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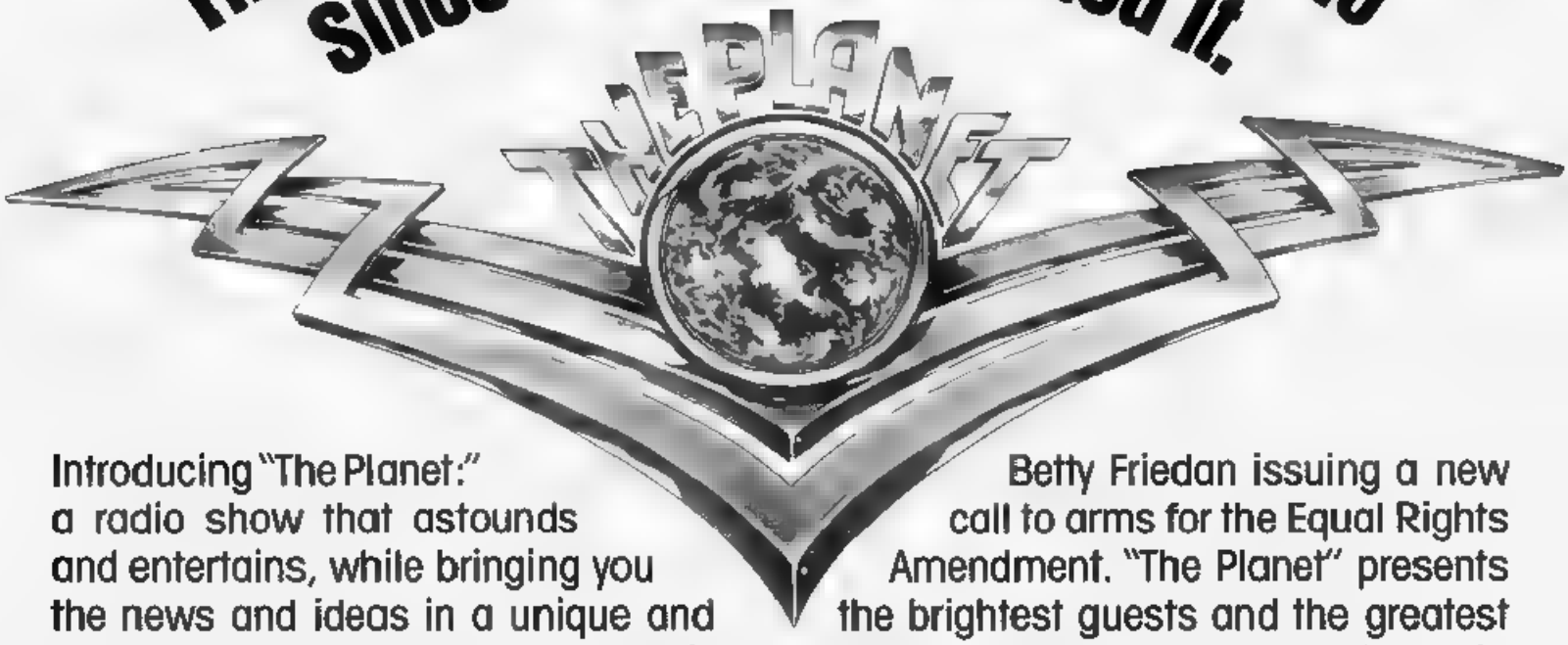

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LSD Now

(continued from page 71)

call Dr. Hofmann synthesized LSD in 1938, then shelved it for five years and went back to working with it in 1943 which is when he discovered through semi-accidental process that it had a profound effect on the mind

Now, the question is how did that happen? Laboratory procedures are standard If Hofmann absorbed it through his fingertips in 1943, how come he didn't absorb it through his fingertips in 1938? What was going on in 1943 has all the hallmarks of an intervention of some kind of higher design, some kind of higher guidance

A few months before Hofmann made the discovery of the potential of LSD Enrico Fermi in Chicago triggered off the first atomic chain reaction, which led directly to Albert Einstein writing a letter to President Roosevelt informing him of the potential of building an atomic bomb

Now, it's worth considering that there is an evolutionary process on this planet that has guiding forces, guiding spirits beings, if you wish, that can and do at certain times intervene to bring about certain events that change the normal course of evolution

I feel that in the future, perhaps 10 or 15 years from now, there will be centers—holistic, psychic, spiritual mental, physical health centers—where people will be able to go at times of catastrophic crises

In such centers there would be people who would be trained guides, and there would be the possibility of combining mechanical tools with other kinds of yogic meditative tools.

This would not be something that is that new because all of the evidence indicates that in ancient cultures such as in Egypt, India, Persia and China such practices were very much a part of spiritual training programs, very much along those lines

Ron Siegel: It is sad that a large number of young students I see at UCLA who are taking LSD at least as frequently as we all did in the Sixties are not really experiencing the ideological conversions or the philosophical messages that went with those experiences in the Sixties.

I think they're simply not aware of the teachings that came out of the Sixties and of the psychedelic movement One of the favorite pastimes of a number of our present subjects and experiments is to take LSD and go to Disneyland They never really get beyond that type of sensory level into the types of evolutionary levels that are important

Paul Williams: It seems to me that as long as we have people in prison for possession of drugs, I don't think we can afford the luxury of saying that it doesn't matter, that we can just shine that on. I think as

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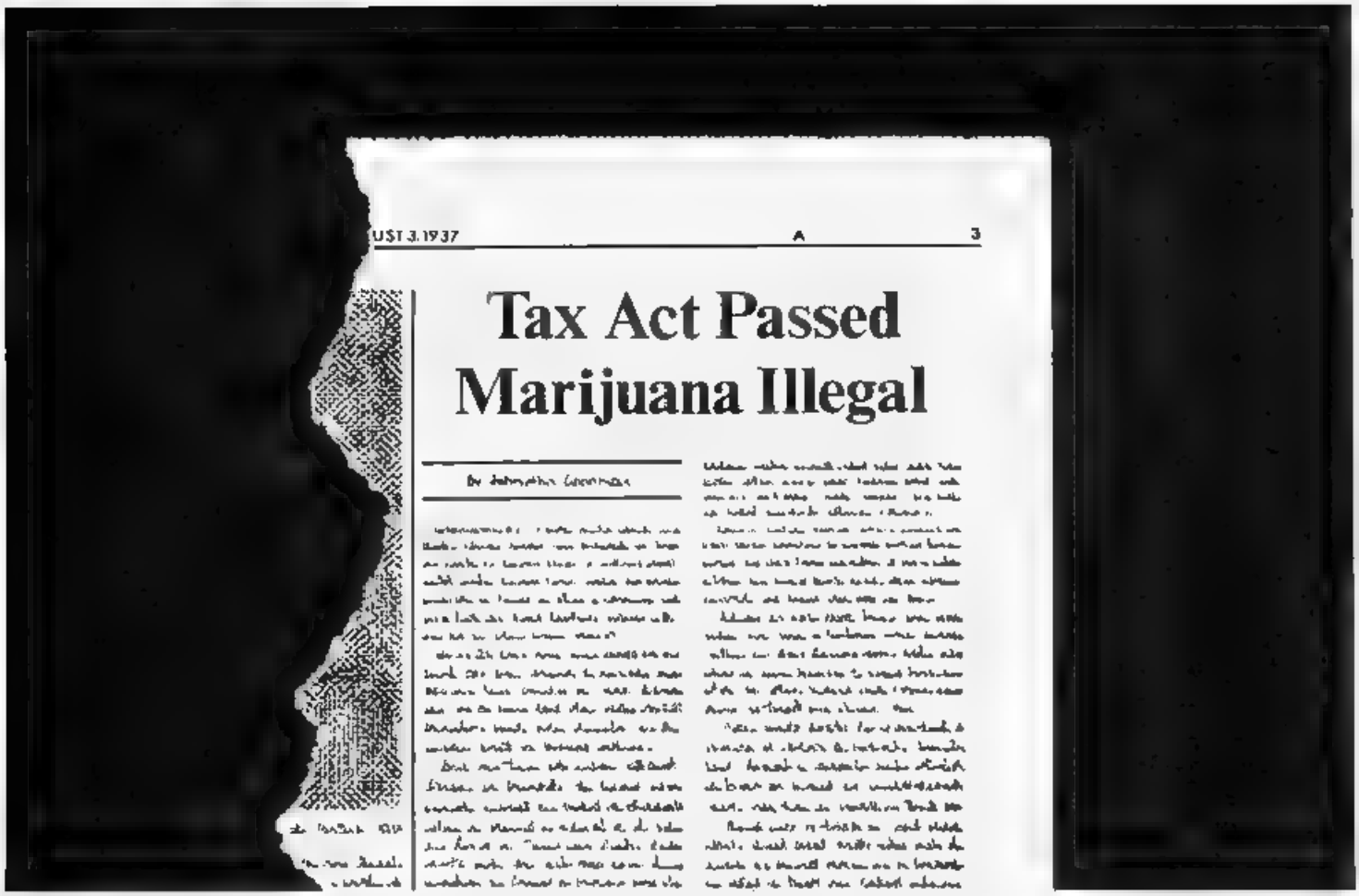

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long as we have people in prison for publishing a book or making a film—and there are quite a large number of people in prison in the United States today for making films, for publishing books and for private consentual sexual acts—I think as long as that circumstance obtains, you are living in a police state. There is no amount of liberal elitist talk that can get around that

There are a lot of people that are in government and law enforcement who are willing and eager to put you in jail, whether it be for possession of certain substances or for making a book or a film or balling somebody who's perfectly willing to do it. I think we have to find some very forceful way of saying you've got no business telling us what we can read, what films we can see, what we can sniff smoke, ingest, touch and kiss.

Allen Ginsberg: Both myself and Ken Kesey, as is probably true of many other so-called acid pioneers, were first turned on by the government. Kesey and I first did acid at Stanford Institute of Mental Health under a project that was funded by the army. There's the interface between the government, CIA and the acid movement. It may possibly be that the CIA and army are more responsible for the rise of the LSD fad than any of us.

Maybe they actually turned us on and programmed us and sent us out to work on the counterculture. To what extent are we agents of the CIA mind control program? Or they'd try to develop it as a weapon. And I think this is why there were people jumping off of buildings and this sort of thing

Richard Ashley: There is a logic with the psychedelics, the same logic that governs the universe. It's the old adage—go with the flow. I just got so tired of resisting and I gave in and everything came together. Flashbacks are nothing to be fearful of. It's just that they're part of what's going on in the energies, and you just enjoy them

Bruce Eisner: Now we'd like to invite Allen Ginsberg to come to the stage as our friendly neighborhood bard and close the proceedings down on an upbeat note

Allen Ginsberg: I think either upbeat or downbeat would be inappropriate. What I propose is five minutes of meditative attention and silence [Pause]

Drink, goddess, drink, but wine evaporates all pain. The fragrant bees inspired me, and now we stand firm and secure on solid ground. Fear is long since gone. So she tells me over and over again. Do I listen? Do I listen? Do I hear? Fight back, she says. It's not only my life that's at stake but the whole of the entire human race. This line banks on you to restore an aging sacred place. Ah, I hear my voice Ah, I hear her voice ■

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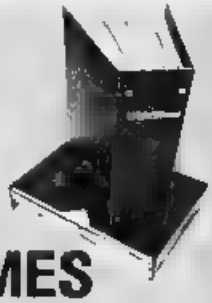

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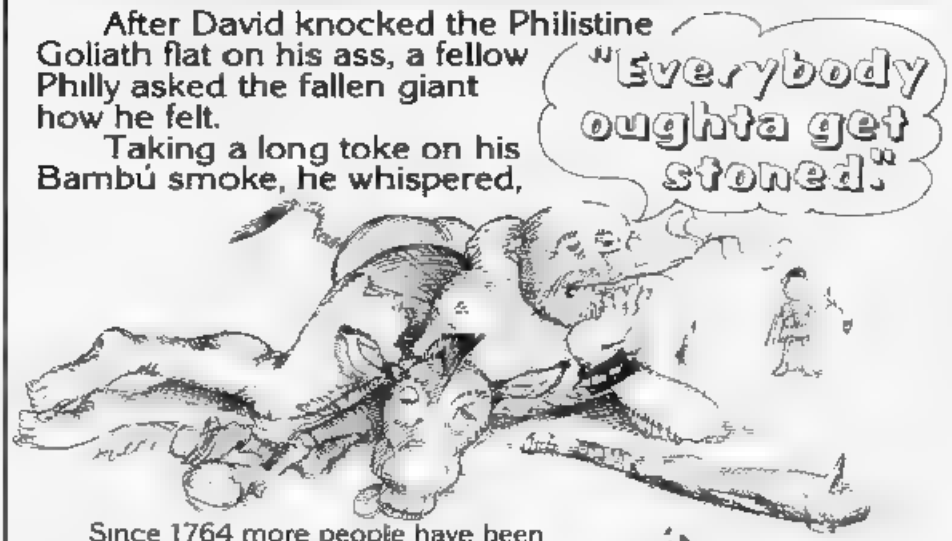

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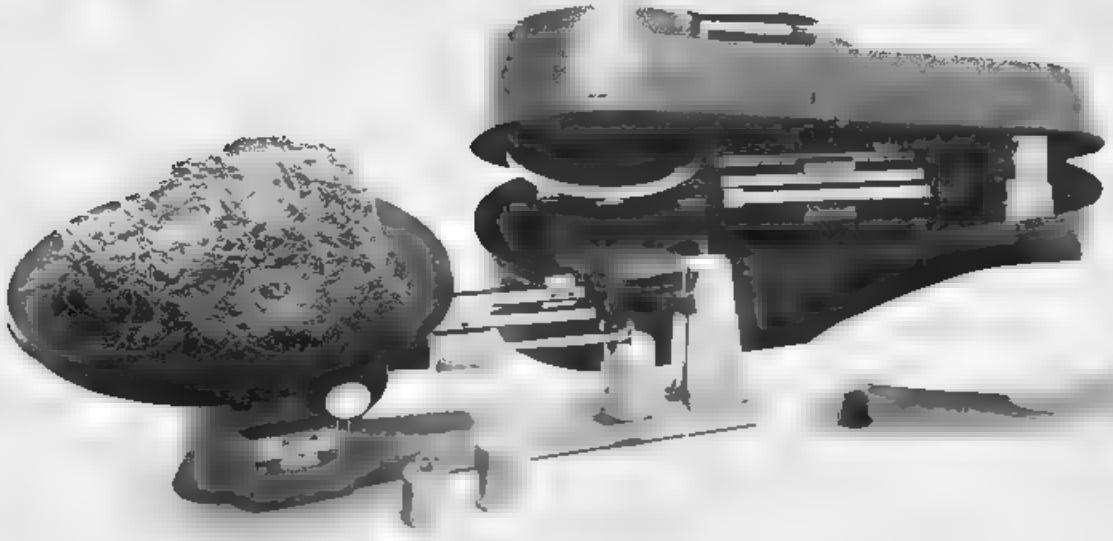

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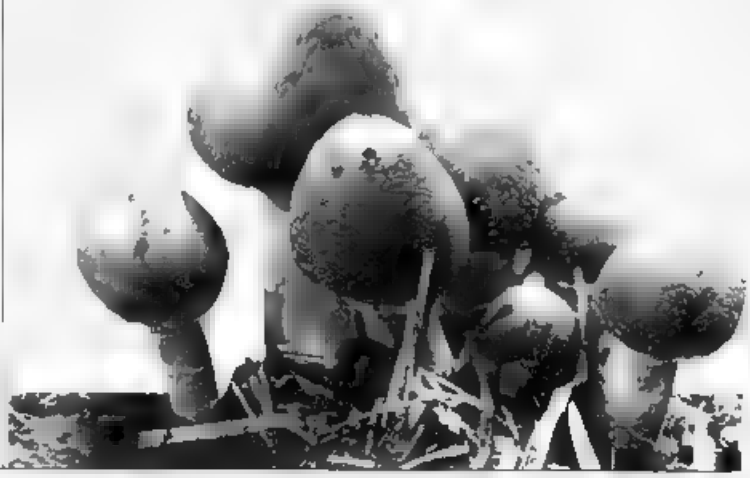

How to Live Forever

(continued from page 54)

anyway. He proposes we start with the central question: "People don't realize that those diseases are superimposed on a process which is really killing them. The real thing we're interested in is not what you die of, but how long you are an active, functional human being."

One thing is certain: death runs counter to one fundamental instinct—survival. So we might as well take a whack at it. One other thing is certain. As stated in Barry Commoner's first principle of reality: "There's no such thing as a free lunch." Immortality is bound to have some unforeseen consequences.

Some writers simply see it as the dawn of utopia, where people freed of the fear of death just relax and dig it, gathering wisdom in an unending spiral of peace, joy and discovery. Personal fulfillment in a dozen lifeworks will become the norm. *Ars longa, vita brevis* will no longer apply.

But many people would rather die, or so they say. First, under our current system, Social Security would evaporate under a lifespan of 200, so most people would still have to work all their lives. Suicide would be the only way to go, and death-house business would boom. Many people say they fear the "density dependent effect," wondering if life won't get to be too much of a good thing. Another problem will be that the first to benefit from the technology will be the rich and powerful. There is a clear and present danger in making bankers or politicians immortal. How can you even be sure Franco is really dead?

Some see it as the dawn of utopia, where people freed from the fear of death just relax and dig it, gathering wisdom in an unending spiral of peace, joy and discovery.

The society or drug company that controls the elixir could rule the world. Promotions will be hard to get as fewer and fewer people are kicked *all the way* upstairs, and you can forget about inheriting your rich uncle's millions. Immortality could even lead to the next world war, assuming the haves try to keep it to themselves and the have-nots can no longer look to death as the great equalizer.

Think about your atoms, too. After years of being tied to your body, don't you think they yearn to disperse, breathe free and recirculate through the earth?

All in all, we'll probably have to pay as exorbitant a price as the one we're now paying for the industrial revolution, but if you think you can have *my* place in line, you're crazy. ■

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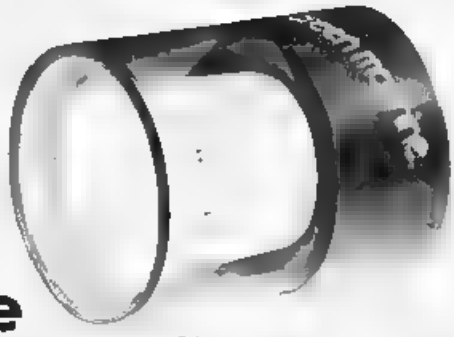

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Smoke-Ins Sweep Nation

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Dennis Barna

Smoke-In News

A multitude of marijuana smoke-ins have sprouted in all nooks and crannies of the nation impervious to the schemes of an ever-dwindling number of obstinate lawpersons. "We'd like to teach the world to toke in perfect harmony" seems to be the theme of these momentous gatherings, as local chapters of YIP (Youth International Party) and NORML along with independent Johnny Marijuana seeds, donate truckloads of golden weed from sea to shining sea.

The current spate of smoke-ins is seemingly inspired by the successful July 4th Smoke-In held last year in Washington, D.C. The spring of '78 also promises to be a championship season of cannabis confabs, leading up to the traditional National Marijuana Day this May 1 in New York City and the 1978 July 4th Smoke-In in the nation's capital.

This group staged a smoke-in on the porch of former Grateful Dead house on Ashbury Street.

New York, New York

"Trick or treat! Fuck the heat!" screamed thousands of costumed tokers at a small but threatening number of New York police who had invaded the Halloween smoke-in at Washington Square Park. The fall fest was convened to celebrate the fifth anniversary of the yippie underground newspaper, Yipster Times. The NYPD had denied a permit for amplified sound and a tight brigade of cops chased off a local rock band that had come to set up an hour before the 6 P.M. show time. The pot-smoking partygoers threatened to turn themselves in, en masse, if a single head was busted. The police backed down, leaving the park without making a single arrest. "Even New York's Finest couldn't keep us from smoking Colombia's finest," quipped yippie pieman Aron Kay. Rock bands and light show lasted till 11 P.M.

The October 30 bash also marked the fifth anniversary of a Halloween smoke-in when, according to recently released FBI files, former FBI Director L. Patrick Gray ordered a systematic harassment of the yippies after learning of their smoke-in march to the site of an East 11th Street townhouse where Weatherpeople had accidentally blown themselves up in December 1969. On the site the yippie contingent "called on the spirits of the dead to curse the dictator Nixon," according to yippie spokesperson Dana Beal. Beal recently announced that, like every year, there will be a march up Fifth Avenue from Washington Square Park to Central Park on National Marijuana Day, May 1, the theme again being "May Day is J-Day."

Cedar Rapids, Iowa

The heaviest police response to a grass bash in recent memory occurred last year when Iowa police attempted to close down the Cedar Rapids smoke-in before it happened. Newspaper reports warned that the National Guard would be brought in, while cops went to the homes of bands who had promised to play at the fete, threatening to destroy and confiscate their instruments if they showed.

Narc harassment was so heavy that the original organizers of the event left town, but regional yippies squelched news stories about the event being called off. Over 300 stalwart dopers made it through the only access road to the event on Saturday, October 29, in Cedar Rapids' Jones Park, having to pass by 100 uniformed and plainclothes cops while copper choppers circled overhead. There were no arrests as the cops remained grouped on a hill, while hundreds of heads huddled with their muggles. "Even the most conservative town in Iowa can't enforce pot prohibition against determined resistance," commented yippie spokesperson Ben Masel. The yippies promised to be in Iowa City for a smoke-in this spring.

Cleveland, Ohio

Nearly 3,000 tokers turned out for hundreds of joints and a few rock 'n' roll bands at an October 29 smoke-in in Cleveland's Lakefront Park, off Lake Erie. The smoke-in celebrated the pieing of Mayor Ralph J. Perk, whose drive against pot, pornography and prostitution had been heavily touted by the national news media as evidence of "new conservatism in the heartland." Perk's campaign manager publicly mused, "Beame was pied, and he lost." Sue Kucklick said she pied Perk because he was "antiwomen." A week after the smoke-in, city voters ratified smoke-in sentiments by electing 31-year-old progressive Democrat Dennis Kucinich as mayor.

The smoke-in was highlighted by an appeal for support and bail money by a large delegation from Kent State, only 50 miles away, when the stage was buried under a rain

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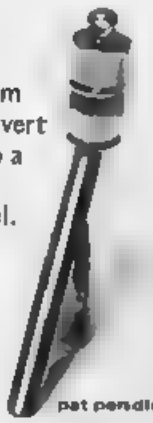

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of change. More protests at Kent State are in the planning stages, despite a Kent judge's ruling barring further demos there until next June

Columbus, Ohio

The October 30 Columbus smoke-in was timed to coincide with the end of the Ohio State Homecoming Game, so that 60,000 Buckeye fans spilling from the stadium were confronted with hundreds of freaks puffing on sinsemilla homegrown and displaying banners denouncing Ohio's "decrim," which allows cops to give six-month convictions to students who fail to turn in a roommate selling lids. A large batch of peyote tea supplied at the smoke-in was, for many, their first experience with organic psychedelics and a refreshing change from deathdrugs like PCP that have plagued Columbus.

But the big news of the day was the announced gubernatorial candidacy of yippie Steve Conliff, who will run in the June Republican primary against incumbent James Rhodes. Rhodes charged Conliff with assault after Conliff pied the governor at the opening of the state fair last August. Rhodes is responsible for sending the National Guard to Kent State University on May 4, 1970, which resulted in the murder of four students at a protest against the U.S. invasion of Cambodia

"My first act will be to pardon myself," said Conliff in his speech. "My second act will be to pardon all political prisoners in the state. My campaign will reach new highs in low blows, uncalled-for political attacks and vicious innuendo. My campaign will bring graft, corruption and influence-peddling to all Ohioans, not just the rich and privileged few. Most voters have nothing to sell but their votes, and I intend to see they get the lowest prices possible."

San Francisco, California

The biggest of last autumn's smoke-ins was Frisco's first Right to Harvest Festival on Sunday, November 6, drawing 6,000 passionate pot puffers. The original Moby Grape, together with Great Highway and Kindred Soul, kept the Civic Center Plaza rocking while the Golden State provided the golden harvest. The massive event was organized by the Bay Area Harvest Committee and supported by NORML, YIP and the Dennis Peron Defense Committee.

The city's annual Veteran's Day parade was scheduled for the same time and the same place, thanks to a nameless bureaucrat with a sense of humor. As marching bands and drill teams paraded past the reviewing stand on Grove Street, the bands entertained the dopers just a few yards away. The only time they clashed was when 50 Vietnam Veterans Against the War members marched to the Veterans of Foreign Wars' reviewing stand, chanting: "To hell with the national honor. We won't be used again." Hundreds of sky-high hopheads flocked to the sidewalks cheering.

San Francisco was the site of a summer smoke-in

Speakers included yippie humorist Paul Krassner, Margo St. James of COYOTE, Wavy Gravy, Mountain Girl, Gordon Brownell of NORML West, yippie pieman Aron Kay, pot author Ed Rosenthal (*The Marijuana Grower's Guide*) and Assemblyperson Willie Brown, who had introduced a bill in the California legislature to decriminalize cultivation of small quantities of pot.

But the day belonged to Dennis Peron, recovering from a bullet wound received in a narc squad raid that will send him to stand trial for operating a "marijuana supermarket" known as The Big Top [see related article, page 28]. Peron offered a wide selection, honest weights and reasonable prices for only organic dope. Having plowed the profits back into community projects such as an organic restaurant, Peron hopes to show that he and "his people" are not criminals, and that in fact they provided a valuable service. He plans to use the "miracle ounce" defense—California decrim says it's all right to own an ounce in your home, but it takes a "miracle" to get it there without going to jail. "You can't have ounces without pounds," says Dennis, who believes miracle workers shouldn't be punished.

Amherst, Massachusetts

Narcs hauled in a grass-roots organizer and threatened to charge him with a felony in conspiring to distribute pot for simply announcing a smoke-in last October. Attempts to cooperate by telling potential participants that it was called off were rewarded by a narc busting stragglers anyway. "They should have gone ahead with their plans and called the cops' bluff," says yippie Beal. Plans for the spring include a National Turn-In with mass arrests in Amherst.

Salem, Oregon

Oregon, the first state to decriminalize pot, had 300 heads at a smoke-in in the rain in Salem on November 13. Ed Rosenthal and Aron Kay, both up from the Frisco fling, were keynote speakers along with Bill Sassenberger, organizer of Oregon YIP. The local bands couldn't handle the rain, so they pulled out. But Oregon YIP's four demands were picked up by media throughout the state: "Free the prisoners of weed, free backyard marijuana, stop government drug tortures, no criminal penalties for victimless crimes."

The South

North Carolina's first smoke-in drew 50 to Charlotte and opened the season. Richmond, Virginia, sponsored a January smoke-in, Atlanta will have one on April Fool's and Fort Worth, Texas, is planning a weed-wingding for next December.

Chicago, Illinois

Fifty freaks in Grant Park weren't hassled by any cops on November 6. The yippies plan a celebration here of the tenth anniversary of the 1968 Festival of Life this August.

Macomb, Illinois

Thirty supporters of NORML copped front-page coverage in October in both daily and student newspapers. No busts.

"It's not really hard at all," said a yippie contacted at Smoke-In Central (212-533-5028). "Lots of people who didn't get it together for the fall are doing it this spring, and for those who can't wait, we have a dynamite 30-minute film of the White House Smoke-In you can show at your campus or whatever, when it's freezing out. Guaranteed you'll smell smoke in the auditorium."

A smoke-in organizers' manual is available from Smoke-In Central, included in the November–December Yipster Times (P.O. Box 392, Canal Street Station, New York, New York 10012, one issue is free, subscriptions cost $6 per year). To help with the upcoming national Smoke-In in July in Washington, contact D.C. YIP at 202-347-5950 or at 1007 K Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20001

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East Coast Shipments Hit

The East Coast is gaining on the Southern Corridor in bulk pot freight. Narcs are promising increased vigilance against massive shipments like the 25 tons busted aboard the Honduran vessel *Juliana I*, caught in the Gulf of Maine and towed to Boston Harbor with its 11 crew members.

The *Juliana* bust was the biggest in a string of pops in the East, where narcs are even considering a blimp patrol to scope the 2,000-mile U.S. coastline. Huge hits have also been reported in the Carolinas, and the DEA says it is investigating the largest marijuana organization ever uncovered in New England.

• Thirteen pot fugitives could handle the deputies in one of the Florida Keys, but they couldn't take the bugs. They were flushed out of a patch of mangroves after a shoot-out with law officers, when the mosquito bites proved too much to handle.

• Police have found a suspect in a huge marijuana seizure in the Bahamas' Great Abaco Island, where "between 20 and 30 tons" were confiscated aboard the grounded, unmanned yacht *Presidential* last fall. Cops traced an airplane sighted above the beached boat to its 43-year-old pilot and arrested him on suspicion of belonging to the smuggling ring. Other suspects in a boat, the *Big Gloll*, escaped after a gun battle while attempting to unload the *Presidential*.

• Not so fortunate were the nine crew members of the 63-foot *Gambler*, busted with an alleged cargo of 20 tons off Key Largo. The *Gambler* was taken in a jetty known to importers as the Dynamite Docks, where police had been waiting on a stake-out. One of the suspects had been arrested nearby and released only months before in a five-ton case.

• Three major speed busts in the West have netted more than two million amphetamine tablets and closed down a suspected manufacturing plant in Livermore, California. Police said that the Hell's Angels were running the factory, which could produce between $20,000 and $100,000 in speed a week. In San Diego, a 55-year-old man was convicted for helping bring one million pills across the Mexican border at San Ysidro. More than one million tabs were also taken in Denver. The three men arrested were believed to be mules for the large consignment.

High Times HIT PARADE

While the East Coast basked in the dubious spotlight of intensified narc attention, importers in Florida were busy as ever—and as careless. Huge busts dotted the shores and inlets around Miami, including:

• **34,000** lbs: Summerland Key, Fla., boat *San Rafael*, 2 arrests.

• **30,000** lbs: Broward County, Fla., warehouse, no arrests.

• **20,000** lbs: Miami, Fla., trawler *King Pin*, 2 arrests.

• **8,300** lbs: Homestead, Fla., van, 1 arrest.

• **8,000** lbs: Miami, Fla., 48-foot boat, 2 arrests.

• **8,000** lbs: Palm Beach County coast, Fla., flotsam, no arrests.

• **4,450** lbs: Florence and Chamesville, Ontario, farms, 4 arrests.

• **4,000** lbs: Howell Township, N.J., farm bust, 2 arrests.

• **2,000** lbs: Ft. Lauderdale, Fla., warehouse, no arrests.

• **1,250** lbs: Austin, Tex., safe house, 5 arrests.

• **1,000** lbs: Odessa, Tex., pickup truck, 1 arrest.

• **1,000** lbs: Titusville, Fla., Aerocommander plane, 1 arrest.

• **1,000** lbs: Clarkdale, Ariz., farm bust, 4 arrests.

• **110** lbs hashish: Yugoslavia border, lorry, 1 arrest.

• **50** lbs hashish: Montreal, Quebec, warehouse, no arrests.

White Avalanche Engulfs City

New York Toots 60 Tons

New York investigators have uncovered two major cocaine smuggling operations involving a total of more than 200 pounds of flake.

"We have come to the conclusion that the war on narcotics has been won," said Special Prosecutor Sterling Johnson, "not by us, but by the drug peddlers."

Police estimate the annual cocaine flow to New York at 60 tons, based on new information from court ordered wiretaps and other surveillance of dealers. Two of the most recent investigations involved a wholesale grocer and his son, arrested on charges of smuggling 75 pounds in a consignment of chocolate bars from Bogota to their warehouse in Queens. Two weeks earlier, an indictment charging ten men with conspiracy to import 60 to 80 kilograms of coke between 1968 and 1971 was unsealed by federal attorneys.

• A luxury pullman bus on Ecuador's Panamerican Highway was stopped by narcotics agents near Huaquillas and found to be carrying 58 pounds of pure cocaine in its baggage compartment. Two Peruvian drivers from the Roggero International transport company were arrested.

• Coking Miami Dolphins linemen Randy Crowder and Don Reese were convicted on possession charges and sentenced to one year, touching off talk in Miami that they were accorded special leniency as pro footballers. Meanwhile, Don Murdoch, the first pro hockey player ever charged with coke possession, was given a trial date of April 6. He has been allowed to play with the New York Rangers in the interim.

• The Latin American Commodity Newsletter reports that cocaine and other illicit drugs have become the biggest earner of hard currency for Colombia. The newsletter estimates Colombia sold $3 billion in coke in 1976 and that Colombian scientists are developing new, high-yield strains of marijuana, anticipating American legalization.

• Mounties arrested a Canadian pilot and three others in a raid in North Vancouver. The four were charged with holding 11 pounds of cocaine.

• A Pittsburgh grand jury has indicted nine New Yorkers in a combined cocaine-securities fraud operation in western Pennsylvania. The group was busted as a direct result of the DEA-FBI investigation of the marijuana cartel behind recent massive busts in the East. More than $250,000 in cocaine was allegedly involved, along with $750,000 in phony securities.

• Customs agents on the Mexican border arrested the prominent son of a late Mexican Army general and charged him with trying to run ten pounds of cocaine to the U.S. Two companions were also charged.

• Denver's biggest ever coke seizure was a three-pound bust arranged through an informant's tip. Five were arrested when the DEA arrived with a search warrant at a private house. The confiscated cache was 86-percent pure.

• A Los Gatos, California, narcotics officer has been relieved of duty following a complaint in municipal court alleging he received kickbacks from DEA undercover cocaine sales. Patrolman Charles B. Rosseau was charged with possession, possession for sale and conspiracy.

• Former Customs chemist John Frank Quinn was sentenced to four years in prison for taking confiscated cocaine from laboratories in Terminal Island, California. Meredith Fife, a lab technician also charged, received probation.

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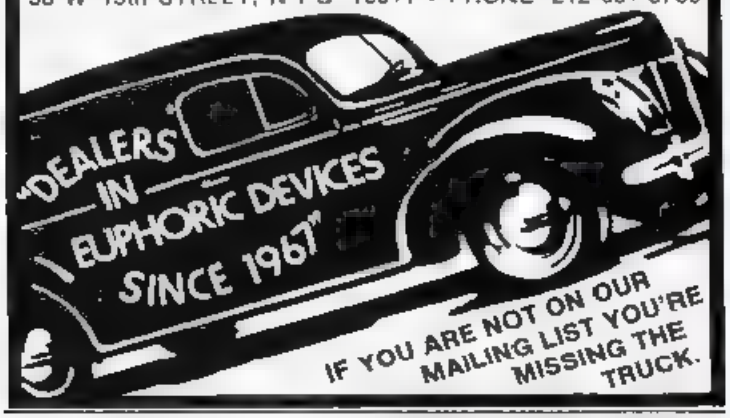

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Stalking Philatelist Funk

by Irving Shushnick

A matchbook that costs $1,500? That's exactly right, though difficult to believe for anyone who didn't attend the World Matchbook Collectors Association's annual convention in St Louis last October, where rare matchbooks traded and sold for amounts ranging from 20 cents to the above-mentioned figure.

Sulfurgettes collect their matchbooks in different ways. Some collect according to states in the union, others by matchbooks of a certain color Some simply try to acquire every matchbook ever issued One hard and fast WMCA rule, however, is that only matchbooks with a full set of unused matches inside count Otherwise it's called a "lit book" and automatically loses value in a percentage corresponding to the number of missing matches.

The rarest matchbooks are pre-World War II (they were invented in 1937) A "Palmtree Oasis Restaurant" matchbook, printed for that vanished Hollywood hotspot in 1938, now sells for $550. A pair of matched, red and green "McKeel's Tipple Inn & Grill" books from Oklahoma (1939) sells for $800. Political matchbooks are big, like the one urging "Vote Dewey All the Way" ($50), as are misprint books such as the one that advertises "Learn Locksmithing—Earn Pig Money!!!" ($900)

The rarest matchbook of all, which was auctioned off to an anonymous buyer for $1,500, was one of only three ever printed for the "Soul Heaven Bar & Grill—You are a stranger here but once" in Detroit. The high price results from it being one of the few documented cases where printing was actually stopped on an order of matchbooks (because of nonpayment on the bill), and only three books are in existence This one is perfect—the other two are "lit books."

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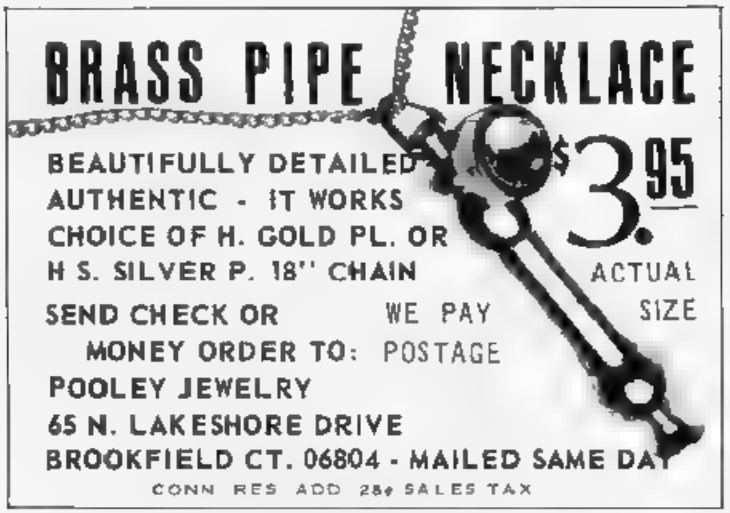

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AFGHANISTAN

Local kabul hash	good	oz	1-2
		kilo	40-70
Water-pressed hash	black and white	[redacted]	2-3
		kilo	100-175
Shirac hash	rare	oz	5-8
		kilo	50-80
Mazar-i-sharif	very good	oz	5-10
		kilo	150-250

AUSTRALIA

Domestic grass	supply dwindling	oz	20-35
		lb	300-500
Nepalese hash	very fresh, good	oz	80-100
		lb	900-1300
Indian hash	decent	oz	75-100
		lb	800-1000
Afghani hash	OK	oz	100-150
		lb	1000-1400
LSD	poor quality	hit	150-300
		100	100-150
Cocaine	short supply	gm	60-100
		oz	1600-2200

CANADA

Domestic	fair to good harvest	oz	15-25
		lb	135-325
Regular Mexican	declining supply	oz	15-25
		lb	150-300
Top-grade Mexican	rare of late	oz	40-50
		[redacted]	475-525
Commercial Colombian	stable situation	oz	35-50
		lb	400-500
Connoisseur Colombian	some gold	oz	45-65
		lb	475-550
Hawaiian	variety, good to excellent	oz	175-250
		lb	2000-3100
Afghani hash	black slabs, worthwhile	oz	150-200
		lb	1200-1600
Indian hash	poor to fair	oz	100-175
		lb	1100-1600
Kashmiri hash	excellent when found	oz	180-220
		lb	1800-2500
Afghani hash oil	fair supply	gm	35-50
		oz	450-550
Honey oil	amber, tremendous	gm	35-50
		oz	450-600
LSD	OK blotter	hit	3-5
		100	150-275
Cocaine	decent rock	gm	75-125
		oz	1450-2000
MDA	available	gm	30-50

COLOMBIA

Santa Marta gold, red	good selection, quantity	oz	4-10
		lb	55-75
Machu Picchu	top notch	oz	10-15
		lb	80-75
Punta roja	fine-clipped red	oz	7-10
		lb	50-75
Colombian hash	improving	oz	25-50
		lb	2000-3000
Colombian hash oil	poor to fair	oz	150-200
		lb	1750-2300
LSD	scarce of late	hit	2-5
		100	150-250
Mushrooms	OK supply	oz	3-5
		lb	300-450
Cocaine	excellent flake and rock	oz	250-450
		lb	4500-6000

ECUADOR

Colombian grass	usually good	oz	7-10
		lb	80-100
Ecuadorean red	tasty smoke	oz	5-7
		lb	80-120
Cocaine	smooth flake	gm	20-40
		[redacted]	400-650
San Pedro cactus	available		free

ENGLAND

Moroccan hash	small amounts of quality	oz	50-80
		lb	600-800
Lebanese hash	cloth wrapped, OK	oz	70-100
		lb	800-1000
Afghani hash	thin slabs, good	oz	75-150
		lb	800-1250
Colombian hash	quality up	oz	50-65
		lb	500-800
Hash oil	some Afghani	gm	25-35
		oz	375-500
LSD	big blotter	hit	1-1.50
		100	75-150
Cocaine	just OK	gm	50-125
		oz	2000-2200
Mandrax	large demand, OK supply	one	1-3
		100	75-200

FRANCE

Nigerian grass	short supply	oz	50-80
		lb	500-800
Thai sticks	excellent when found	one	10-25
		100	750-1200
Lebanese hash	fair to good	oz	50-60
		lb	400-700
Moroccan hash	OK blonde	oz	25-50
		lb	350-500
Nepalese hash	scarce of late	oz	65-100
		lb	900-1100

GERMANY

Afghani hash	good to excellent	oz	50-75
		lb	500-725
Lebanese hash	soft red, good	gm	2-5
		kilo	1200-1350
Moroccan hash	just OK	oz	35-50
		lb	475-575
Cocaine	decent supply	gm	65-110
		oz	500-750

HONG KONG

Mainland weed	better than expected	oz	7-10
		lb	100-150
Thai grass	Buddha's delight	oz	50-100
		lb	500-850
Thai sticks	tight, sticky	one	50-100
		oz	500-850
Afghani hash	rare of late	gm	10-15
		oz	80-120

KENYA

Domestic	fair herb	oz	8-12
		lb	100-120
Congolese	black, resiny	oz	10-15
		lb	120-150
Yohimbe	authentic	oz	2-3
		lb	8-15

MEXICO

Torreon violet	breathtaking	oz	5-10
		lb	65-125
Guadalajara	supply decreasing	oz	5-10
		lb	60-130
Oaxacan tops	fair	oz	4-6
		lb	65-90
Guerrero gold	smooth, but seedy	oz	3-6
		lb	50-100
Pueblo	good	oz	3-6
		lb	50-100
Magic mushrooms	excellent	oz	5-10
		lb	90-140
Cocaine	brown	gm	25-50
		oz	250-400
Opium	supply increasing	oz	50-75
		lb	400-500

MOSCOW

Irkutsk hash	good	oz	80-100
		lb	800-1000
Nepalese hash	just stash	oz	140-160
		lb	1700-2300
Steppe grass	good when found	oz	55-65
		lb	500-800
Siberian grass	scarce	oz	75-100
		lb	800-1100
LSD	European	hit	3-5
		100	250-400

NEPAL

Nepalese grass	small buds, good head	oz	1-2
		lb	10-15
Nepalese hash	excellent	oz	3-8
		lb	70-100
Afghani hash	top grade	oz	5-10
		lb	75-100
Paki hash	available	oz	3-7
		lb	75-150

THE NETHERLANDS

Sengalese & Congolese	black and sticky, steady supply	oz	50-70
		lb	450-650
Domestic grass	getting better	oz	20-40
		lb	250-400
Moroccan hash	dry, crumbly	oz	40-60
		lb	400-500
Lebanese hash	various strains	oz	40-70
		lb	450-750
Kashmiri hash	light color, light head	oz	85-95
		lb	600-900
Hash oil	red and sweet	liter	1600-2000
LSD	European quality	hit	2-4
		100	150-250
Cocaine	going fast	gm	75-125
		oz	1300-2000
Burmese opium	dreamy, not abundant	gm	5-10
		oz	70-100

TURKEY

Local hash	good to excellent, dark brown	oz	5-10
		lb	80-100
Antonia hash	top notch	oz	7-10
		lb	100-200
LSD	scarce	hit	3-5
Opium	high quality	oz	3-5
		lb	50-75

USA

Contiguous

Regular Mexican	declining supply	oz	20-30
		lb	110-275
Top-grade Mexican	good Oaxacan	oz	40-125
		lb	175-600
Jamaican	poor to fair quality	oz	20-30
		lb	150-350
Commercial Colombian	decent availability	oz	25-40
		lb	250-450
Connoisseur Colombian	tight gold buds, some red	oz	40-70
		lb	435-600
Moroccan hash	just OK, green	oz	60-100
		lb	750-1000
Lebanese hash	stale red	oz	100-175
		lb	1200-1500
Afghani hash	good to excellent	oz	100-120
		lb	1200-1500
Nepalese hash	pressed fingers, good	oz	100-165
		lb	1200-1500
Paki hash	just decent	oz	100-155
		lb	1200-1600
Thai sticks	abundant	one	15-30
		oz	175-220
Hawaiian	short supply	oz	200
		lb	2600
Afghani hash oil	potent black	gm	25-35
		oz	1400-2000
Lebanese hash oil	scarce	gm	25-30
		oz	350-450
Honey oil	fine quality	gm	25-40
		oz	425-525
THC	small green tabs	one	1-3
		100	75-150
LSD	usually blotter	hit	1-2.50
		100	70-100
Psilocybin mushrooms	available	oz	25-45
		lb	150-200
Quaaludes	rare	one	4-5
		100	200-375
Cocaine	various qualities	gm	50-100
		oz	1200-2000

Alaska

Domestic	dark green, sweet	oz	40-60
		lb	450-650
Regular Mexican	OK supply, quality	oz	20-30
		lb	250-350
Cocaine	fair to good	gm	75-120
		oz	1400-2000

Hawaii

Kona gold	piney taste, excellent high	oz	150-225
		lb	1200-2000
Maui	delicious	oz	120-170
		lb	1200-2000

***High Times* welcomes anonymous reports, but please be specific about the area, type, quantity and quality of dope referred to. If you are aware of other prices or have other relevant information or suggestions, please send them in. The THMQ is intended solely for comparative purposes and in no way is meant as an inducement to illegal activity, or as an endorsement of dope usage or trafficking, or as an endorsement of any particular dope.**

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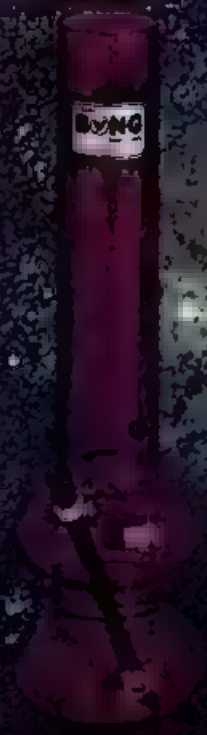

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Developed by Bob Harris, author of the standard text, **Growing Wild Mushrooms,** the **Homestead Mushroomkit** even includes the book. A ten-page list of instructions, which Bob has written exclusively for buyers of the **Mushroomkit,** guides you through the step-by-step process.

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The tools supplied — an inoculating loop, agar cutting knife and an alcohol lamp — are reusable for as long as you culture mushrooms. By providing you with twenty sterile petri dishes, we allow you ample room for experimentation and error, as you gain familiarity with the necessary techniques

Resupplies of the disposable items — malt agar medium, straw compost, and grain — are readily available at a reasonable cost from us or through local sources Complete instructions for making your own are given in the book.

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Inventor Snubs Shell, Readies 100 mpg Kits

Young El Paso mechanic Tom Ogle, awaiting a patent on his system for raising V-8 fuel economy over 100 miles per gallon, has turned down a $25 million offer from Shell for the idea in favor of mass-marketed do-it-yourself kits. "Too many inventions that could benefit the people get bought out and put on a back shelf," says Ogle, who on the advice of his attorney describes the setup only as a 300-pound, half-inch-thick gas tank in the trunk, which heats and pressurizes it so it can be injected directly into the cylinder without a carburetor. Three reporters recently rode with Ogle from El Paso to Deming, New Mexico, and back—205 miles on less than a measured two gallons. Ogle says the innovation can mean 140 to 200 mpg in a six-cylinder car, or 260 to 360 mpg on four cylinders.

Equalizer Tailors Sound to Room

MXR Innovations is out with a Stereo Graphic Equalizer that allows sound adjustment to fit the acoustic properties of the room or recording. Twenty slide

switches provide for a 12-decibel boost or cut in ten different frequency bands for each channel. This allows for isolating a solo, boosting lowest and highest frequencies for that elusive "presence." Available for $199.95 from MXR Innovations, Inc., 277 North Goodman Street, Rochester, New York 14607

Prehistoric Hothouse Grows Giant Flora

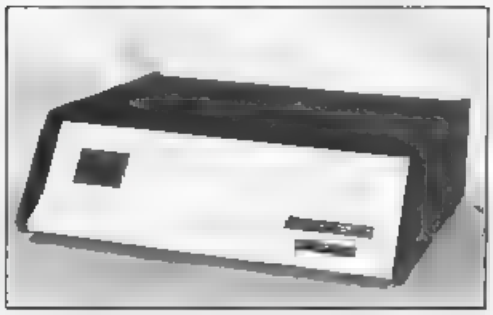
Now you can re-create the forest primeval in the privacy of your own closet. "Every day in the Phytarium is a warm, sunny, prehistoric summer day," enthuses Merton Allen, president of Alprax Enterprises, Ltd., Box 2636, Schenectady, New York 12309. Just look at those petunias! The controlled environment is a scaled-

down version of research chambers called phytotrons, in which botanists have found that all plants grow faster and lusher with an ancient atmosphere. The Phytarium can be had fully assembled in two models, $675 and $800 for Tropical/Deluxe. It also comes in kits from $295 to $550, with plans for building a growing chamber 2½ times as large as the standard model. Four to six crops a year, too.

Home Computers Arrive

The first three mass-market home computer systems are on the shelves, ready to play games with you or help with odd jobs. Sears' model and Radio Shack's TRS-80 both retail for a basic $600, while Heathkit's mail order kit is $900. The three systems are roughly equivalent in function, except that Heath has a paper tape reader for one input instead of an audio cassette. Radio Shack offers preprogrammed tape to teach your machine to play blackjack or backgammon even before you master the elementary programming language. Other tapes can set it up to do your budget, checkbook, menus and Christmas card list

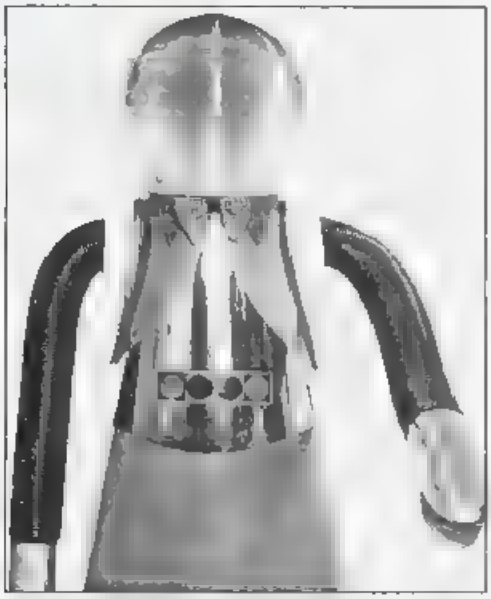
Computer memory is measured in



bytes (words), usually of up to eight bits (letters) each. The standard 4,000 (4K) bytes are enough for most games and simple household chores, but extra capacity can be had for $75 to $275 per additional 4K. Radio Shack plans a giant 64K black box and later a floppy disc holding 100,000 bytes. Heathkit's best model, the H11, can process 16-bit words, twice as long as most other systems. Locate Sears and Radio Shack through their thousands of outlets. For Heathkit, write Heath Company, Benton Harbor, Michigan 49022.

Robot Guard Flexes Metal Muscle

A 650-pound robot is now available for guard duty. Century One is the latest in a long line of tamer household droids like the Wizard, Dr. Don't and Klatu, made by Quasar Industries of 59 Meadow Road, Rutherford, New Jersey 07070. The formidable newcomer can sense unauthorized



personnel by their movements, faint sounds or body heat. When it glides within eight feet, Oddjob commands the intruder to "Stand very still, please." If the human is uncooperative, the seven foot bulletproof bully has a strobe light to blind its quarry, a sound transmitter that causes intense pain to the inner ear and an electric stun gun. All is not lost, though. The tin titan eases the trauma of capture with a dose of nitrous oxide.

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Dakota Tribes Sue Government for Stolen Lands

The Sioux Indian nation has become the latest tribe to sue the federal government for lands taken in violation of treaties. In announcing the action filed with the U.S. Court of Claims in Washington, D.C., Oglala Sioux leader and American Indian Movement head Russell Means said that

Wide World

Sioux leader Russell Means in front of statue of Massasoit, "Protector of the Pilgrims."

his people claim all of North and South Dakota, Nebraska and parts of Montana and Wyoming under the Fort Laramie Treaty of 1868. The Indians are willing to accept a $30 billion cash settlement as compensation for loss of their homelands and a century of environmental damage.

Scientologist Rejailed for Religious Silence

Scientologist minister Arthur Maren recently returned to jail for refusing to testify about church activities in front of a federal grand jury. Maren was originally imprisoned after citing the First and Fifth amendments but had been released pending a court ruling on alleged illegal FBI snooping.

The investigation stems from the largest raid in bureau history, in which 134 agents—armed with crowbars, battering rams, buzz saws and sheaves of blank subpoenas—broke into Washington and Los Angeles Scientology church offices last July 8. The G-men made off with bales of files, including Freedom of Information Act documents that showed years of improper FBI surveillance of the church.

The papers had resulted in the Scientologists' pending $750-million suit against the FBI and Justice Department. D.C. and L.A. courts have held the raids illegal and ordered the papers returned. But D.C. District Judge William Bryant ruled the federal statements denying illegal spying were adequate and sent Maren back to stir till the grand jury ends its work in April.

D.C. Ruling Aids Rape Justice

Rape victims will no longer have to try to prove they are virgins to get justice done if other jurisdictions adopt a recent ruling handed down by the District of Columbia Court of Appeals. A three-judge panel broke precedent by holding that defense lawyers could not ask for acquittal on the sole grounds that the woman sleeps with other men. The trial court had earlier convicted the accused after disallowing testimony that his victim was "promiscuous." The original judge had said the "prejudice of such evidence is readily seen; it diverts the jury's attention to collateral matters and probes into the private life of a rape victim."

Fed Prosecutors Lose Immunity

A landmark court of appeals ruling has given citizens the right to sue federal prosecutors for legal misconduct. Vietnam Veterans Against the War won the right to sue Guy Goodwin, who has spent his career pursuing antiwar activists. VVAW charged him with lying on the witness stand during the Gainesville Eight trial in 1973. Goodwin testified the government was not eavesdropping on defense lawyers, but later evidence showed he had helped plant an informer who relayed defense plans to the feds.

Pot Garden Decrim Headed for Ballot

Three Oregon citizens filed a petition with the Oregon election board to place a marijuana-growing decriminalization measure on the 1978 ballot. The proposal would provide a civil penalty of $100 for growing up to ten plants, instead of the current felony rap with sentences of up to ten years. Oregon voters will decide the issue if 46,235 signatures can be gathered by July 7 by sponsors Frank Crewett, student body president of Chemeketa Community College in Salem, Michael McCarty, student body vice president of Clackamas College in Oregon City, and Gary Davis of Grants Pass.

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Ragin' Ramones

The Ramones have harnessed desire and frustration and overwhelming rage into one concentrated shot of delirium purified in a blue flame. Onstage they are litmus confetti falling on hopping meteors, resulting in partial deafness. I have never seen them turn in a bad show—on the contrary, their sound is a drug; you're caught up in the frenzy or you're dead. As John Sinclair wrote of the MC5, they make you feel it or leave the room.

They are also the most clinically plain spoken vernacular poets still strumming. A four-year-old could figure out what they're saying on their latest album, *Rocket to Russia* (Sire/Warner Bros. SR 6042), and that's a compliment. "Ramona," the almost hit single "Sheena Is a Punk Rocker" and covers of "Do You Want to Dance" and "Surfin' Bird" affirm the Ramones' roots in the 1962 West Coast madras and Woodies consciousness of the Beach Boys and Ronnie and the Daytonas. Punk rock is not some isolated carbuncle but part of the grand traditions of rock 'n' roll established over the past 30 years. Rather than bother with such academic concerns, however, I just asked Joey Ramone what made *Rocket to Russia* special, and he said, "It's heavier. The guitars are louder, and the drums are louder." That's good enough for me.

—*Lester Bangs*

Roberta Bayley

Ramones rumble. Left to right: Joey, Dee Dee

Stomu Yamashta

Stomu Yamashta is a Japanese jazz/rock impresario who started out as a child-prodigy symphonic percussionist/composer/conductor. Yamashta showed hours of NASA space flight films to his studio technicians before they recorded *Go Too* (Arista AB 4138), the second movement of his *Go* trilogy. "Go is an ancient Oriental game of chance," he explained recently, "random and abstract with few rules. It's about opposites colliding, reality and fantasy shifting into one another, rebirthing through suffering to victory." Synthesized cosmic wind storms and explosions of distant stars are intermixed by Yamashta with the ceaseless electronic chatter of pulsars, quasars and radio signals from the farthest reaches of the Milky Way.

—*Charlie Frick*

Charlie Frick

Stomu Yamashta: space samurai

Epic Records

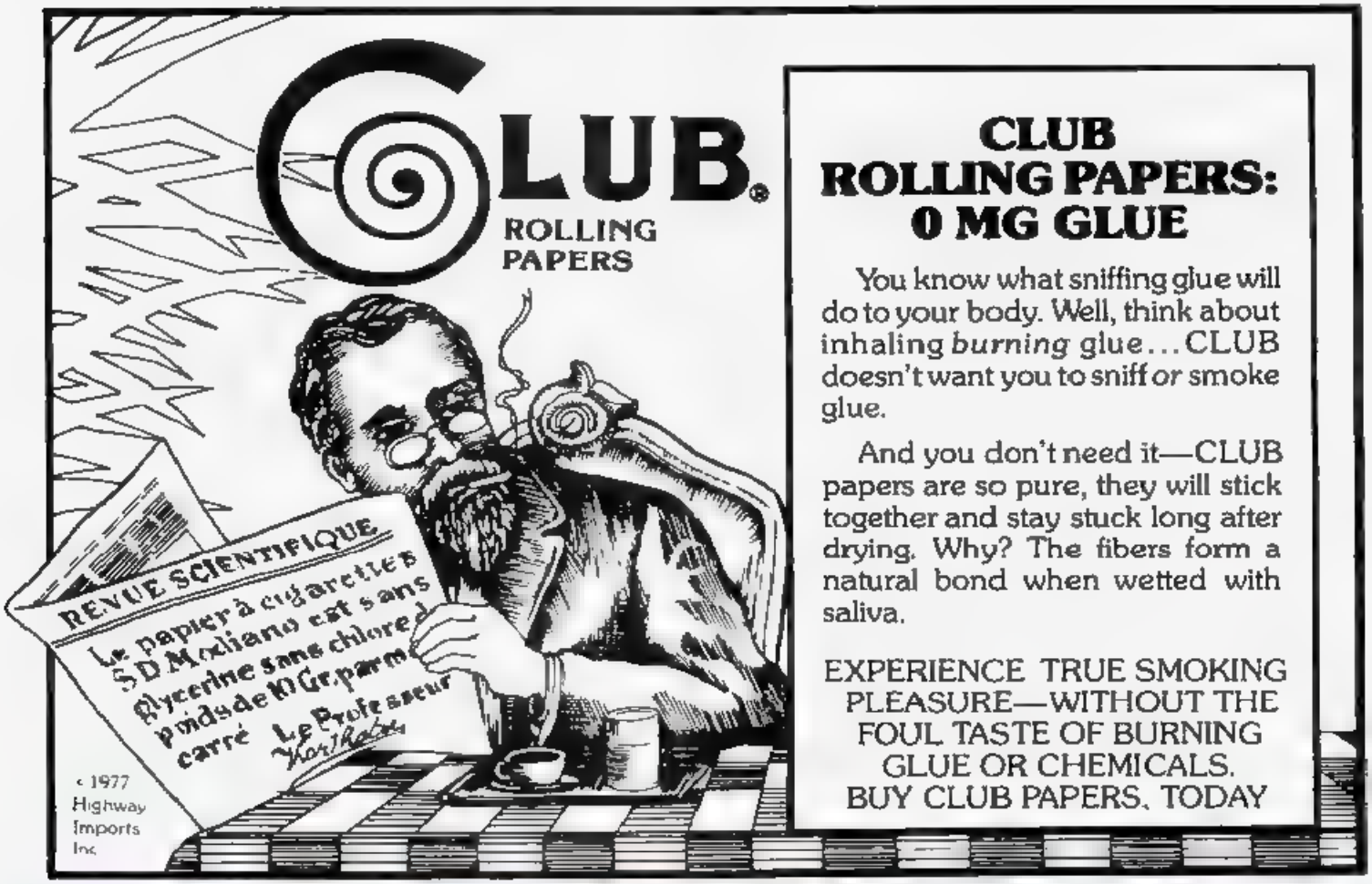
Nona Hendryx: black beauty in black leather

Nona Hendryx

Nona Hendryx was the flashiest and most progressive member of the razzle-dazzle rock 'n' soul trio Labelle, besides being the group's songwriter before it disbanded. "I wrote political, feminist, arrogant work," says Nona, "because it needed saying." On the cover of her solo debut album *Nona Hendryx* (Epic PE 34863), she dresses tough in street leathers and picks her fingernails with a sheath knife. "That photo is a side of me that isn't manipulated in any way," comments Nona. "I'm an extremist by nature." Inside the album she sings R&B, reggae, Sixties English rock and Latin jazz, all in her inimitable funky punk style. The album's sizzler is "Everybody Wants to be Somebody," complete with tricky time changes, catchy phrasing and syncopated melody.

—*Pat Wadsley*

AJA, by Steely Dan (ABC Records AB-1006). Steely Dan, named after a dildo mentioned in William Burroughs's *Naked Lunch*, is really pianist Donald Fagen and guitarist Walter Becker, two cool, noncommittal musicians who met at Bard College, the same East Coast school of higher education that spawned the equally hip-cynical Chevy Chase. "We don't write songs about how lonely we are in our hotel rooms," says Becker, "or how we just met some lady. We don't bare our souls or anything." Their lyrics on *Aja* are as dark and inscrutable as ever brought to life by superb rhythm charts, Tom Scott's sensitive horn arrangements and Fagen's highly mannered vocals. "We're gonna boogie till we puke," says Becker, but *Aja* reveals a move away from quirky rock toward precision-crafted jazz-pop, a transformation that first became evident in their last two albums



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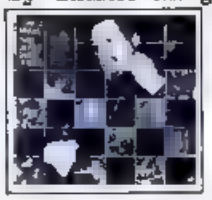
Katy Lied and *The Royal Scam*. The music of *Aja* is seamless, liquefied—there are no bumps on this record.

—*Jamie Bernstein*

THREE OR FOUR SHADES OF BLUES, by Charles Mingus (Atlantic SD-1700).

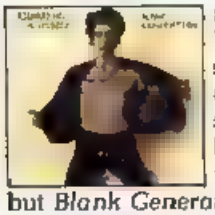


Like Miles Davis (although with less fanfare), Charles Mingus has been through a dizzying number of changes, yet each time he has come up with another influential development in his classic brand of jazz. His jazz-workshop approach of the Fifties and his way of creating an orchestral sound with a small group have become standard procedure among the musicians who populate the lofts of the Seventies.

In his latest album, the sweetly dirge-like line of the Mingus classic "Goodbye, Porkpie Hat," is read to good effect by two acoustic guitars and Mingus's bowed bass over the rhythm section. George Coleman, the underrated saxophonist who leads his own octet in New York, takes a lyrical jaunt here. On the luxuriantly lazy "Noddin Ya Head Blues," guest guitarist Larry Coryell is at his bluesy best.

The 12-minute, eight-part title suite will open more people's eyes to the full range of blues expression than could a dozen books by Sam Charters. From Mingus's hero and forming force, Duke Ellington, to Basie, bebop, the barrio and beyond—including a "Caucasian folk blues" by guest pianist Jimmy Rowles, with overtones of Stephen Foster and Irish lullabies—Mingus plays it all, and it all sounds classic in his hands.—*Peter Occhiogrosso*

BLANK GENERATION, by Richard Hell and the Voidoids (Sire/Warner Bros. SR 6037). Enigmatic Richard Hell, one-time



member of the Heartbreakers and Television, is a tortured poet of social protest who shuns movement labels. "I'm not a punk," he will tell you, but *Blank Generation* nonetheless offers the uninitiated a guided tour through the gutters and back alleyways of the New York underground scene. The booze, the dope, the loose-and-fast sexuality and "Whaddaya wanna do tonight?" state of limbo are reflected best in his highly autobiographical "Down at the Rock and Roll Club." On the album's title track, a song with the musical sensitivity of a rusty razor blade, he screams like a wounded animal, "I belong to the blank generation and I can take it or leave it each time. It's such a gamble when you get a face."

Hell says his material was turned down for copyright because the notes he was singing just don't exist. The litany of vocal horrors is supported by painful dissonances and Hell's own breakneck one-note bass lines. And then there's the guitar leads—I haven't heard an axe bend notes this far out of whack since Frank Zappa fell off the stage at the Royal Albert Hall.

—*Charlie Frick*

TOPAZ, by Topaz (Columbia PC 34934).

Topaz assimilates both the freneticism and naiveté of early American rock with the sophistication and cynicism of the British sound. The end product is dirty-ass rock 'n' roll filtered through the Anglophilian voice of lead singer Jasper Hutchison, who hails, aptly enough, from Waco, Texas. The band is anchored by bassist Rob Stoner, Dylan's musical director on the last two Rolling Thunder tours. Stoner contributes the two best songs on the lp, "Weak Sister" and "Slice of Night," modern urban vignettes that could be as comfortable in the Stones oeuvre.

Most of Topaz's material flows from the pen and guitar of Billy Cross, whose sensibilities run along the same lines as Ian Hunter. A few of these tunes are reminiscent of early Mott the Hoople and one, "The Dream Hasn't Changed," could have been written by Ray Davies on speed.

—*Larry Sloman*

NEW DIRECTIONS, by the Meters (Warner Brothers BS 3042). The Meters

are the essence of New Orleans music. They've appeared on practically every Crescent City session with Labelle, Paul McCartney, Allen Toussaint, Lee Dorsey, Dr. John and Robert Palmer, and they form Toussaint's house rhythm section at Sea Saint Studios. But it was their own career with gems like "Sophisticated Cissy," "Cissy Strut" and "Hey Porky A Way" that influenced the Stones to have the Meters open for them—*twice*.

Not only does *New Directions*, produced in San Francisco by David Robinson, give new life to the quintet, but it's their most realized album—eclectic and moving. Opening with "No More Okey Doke," the Meters establish a firm, earthy funkiness with nary a disco string. Toussaint's lost-love song "I'm Gone" is an incredible assimilation of the second line Indian tribal music indigenous to the Mardi Gras, with a Dr. John creole gumbo brew, aided by Tower of Power's punching horns. "Be My Lady" is a jazzy ballad, and Peter Tosh's "Stop That Train" gets a restrained gospel/soul/reggae treatment.

—*Bob Grossweiner*

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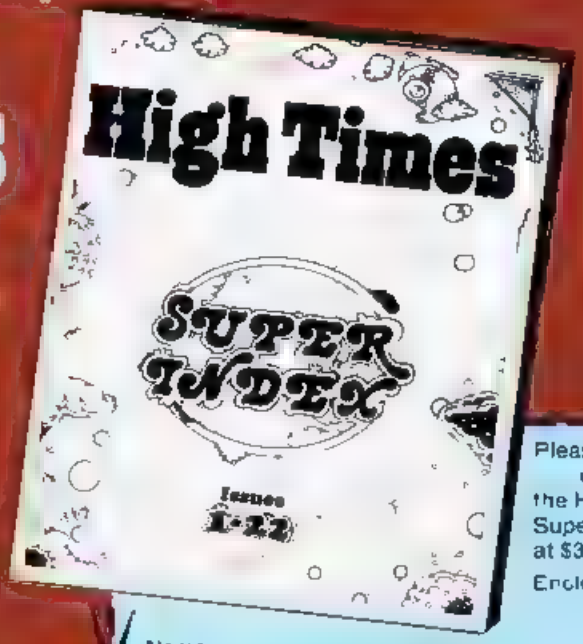

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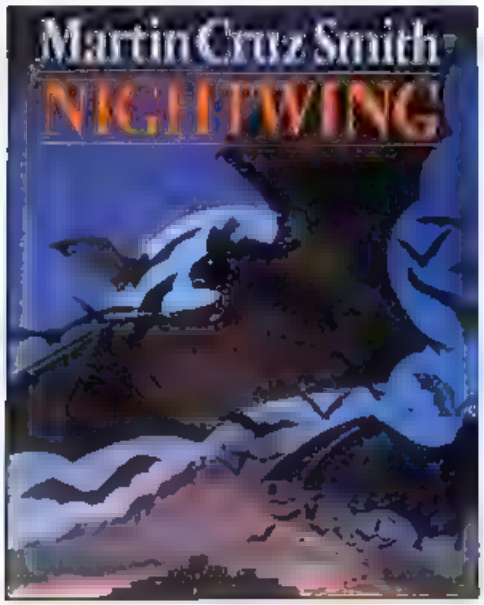
Nightwing

What do you do with a novel called *Nightwing* (New York: Norton, $8.95) that combines some of the best elements of *Jaws*, *Dracula* and *The Plague* into a crisp, chilling and cynical narrative tinged with psychedelic datura root and the ghost of Don Juan? You read it fast, and pray for the movie.

As with *Chinatown*, Martin Cruz Smith's blood-sucking thriller starts with resource ripoff. Some oil city slickers are after Hopi shale, so a witch doctor named Abner makes some double helixes and swastikas in the sand, then adds all of his blood to the design. There ensues an invasion of vampire bats carrying bubonic plague fleas. The hero, a Hopi ex-con deputy, must decide whether whitey is worth saving from the curse. A little clear-cut characterization and a lot of



vampire, bat, Indian and bacteria lore sustains interest during lulls in suspense.

The authority of the writing causes me to believe the author when his scientist asserts that every fifth mammal on earth is a bat, of which only the vampire does not fear man, that plague did not develop until there were cities, and that decent wages and democracy did not develop until plague had depleted the work force.

What gets me is the narrator's assertion that, according to the Koran, Jesus created the first bat. Really? Why a bat? Why not a duck? —*Michael Newman*

Album Cover Album

Record-jacket art is a dazzling medium where some of the most brilliant painters and illustrators of the day—people like Andy Warhol, Abdul Klarwein, Gilbert Stone, Rick Griffin and Milton Glaser—rest their laurels. And if you act now, you can own one of the most sensational coffee-table books of the decade, a deluxe compendium of the avant-garde art styles of the last 20 years. *Album Cover Album* (New York: A & W Visual Library, $10.95) is edited by Hipgnosis and Roger Dean, who lavishly array over a thousand full-color reproductions here, tracing jazz, rock, soul and classical album covers, from Fifties abstract-expressionist attacks to early Sixties Vogue-ish fashion portraits, through psychedelia, minimalism, neo-realism, conceptualism and sadomasochism (the Rolling Stones' infamous *Black and Blue* cover is fortunately not represented, but there are corpses, skulls, knifings and weasels ripping flesh aplenty). A fine accompanying text illuminates the lush historical drama. —*Jimmy Chamberlain*

Dreaming of Babylon

Like brown rice and tofu, Richard Brautigan's amusing poems and novels were hip gospels for the Sixties. Long of hair and living in mythic California, he was called a genius. Sometimes he made no sense. He was easy to read when stoned. It was Brautigan who instructed an entire age to go with the flow.

Dreaming of Babylon: A Private Eye Novel 1942 (New York: Delacorte, $7.95) recounts one day in the life of C. Card, perhaps the most untogether shamus ever

Erik Weber

Brautigan dreams of Babylon

to populate a detective novel. He does not own a decent trench coat, and he can't even afford bullets for his piece. Dogs piss on him.

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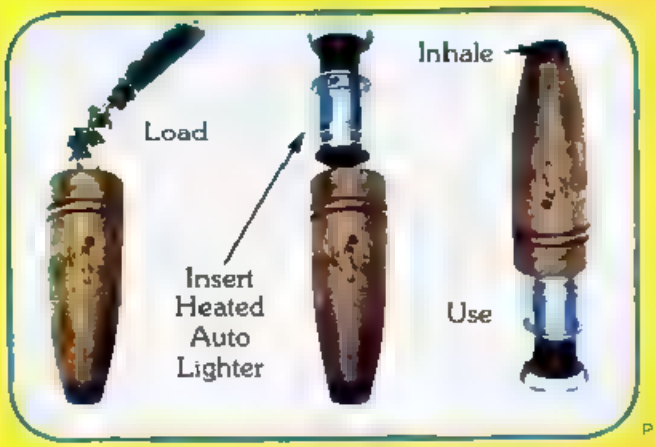

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San Francisco morgue. Popping in and out of his adventure are freaks and miscreants, one-legged morgue attendants, ham-fisted detectives, one-armed Spanish Civil War vets, smiling blacks with straight razors, cowering Chinamen and society dolls with an unquenchable hankering for beer. Little wonder that he spends the better part of his day dreaming of Babylon, where he is the intrepid Smith Smith, private dick hero of the Fertile Crescent.

The chapters are tiny and at their best when crackling with sharp malevolent humor. It is comforting that Brautigan can still play fast and loose with time and reality, cajoling us to forget our allegiance to either one. —*Ed Dwyer*

THE PEARL: A JOURNAL OF FACETIAE AND VOLUPTUOUS READING (New York: Ballantine, paperback $2.95) and DELTA OF VENUS, by Anaïs Nin (New York: Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, $10). You don't have to underline the good parts in these books. There's fucking on every frigging page of these classic pornographic works.

The Pearl was the father of the modern porn mag. It immortalized action novels like *Lady Pokingham or They All Do It* and limericks in which the first letters of each line spell aphorisms like "Fuck my cunt pappa." No wonder schoolboy poets and hack copywriters have been ripping off The Pearl since the first issue came out in July 1879. The anonymous underground pressmen of yesteryear convey the schizoid bawdiness of Victorian sex at its lying, cheating best. The Victorians didn't kiss and tell. They gamahuched and hid under the bed.

A hundred years later, *Delta of Venus* crawled out. This legitimate daughter of *The Pearl* is an early example of pornography by a known woman. The late Anaïs Nin wrote these stories for a private collector in 1940 at the rate of a dollar a page. She got the job through her boyfriend, novelist Henry Miller, who turned it down because he wanted to save his hot stuff for another *Tropic of Capricorn*.

Nin never lived to see her only best-seller, because she withheld *Delta* from publication until after her death. Where *The Pearl* runs red with blushes and burst maidenheads, *Delta* is awash with the blood of the lamb. The mistress of confessional writing prefers incense and anonymity, dancing in the dark and taking it five ways in an opium haze.

—*Pamela Lloyd Shakespeare*

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After having tried some of your Black Gold, I am not only pleased as hell, but I'm also quite stoned. When I first saw your ad in High Times I was skeptical. I had tried other "legal highs" but they just didn't impress me. Then one night a friend of mine turned me on to your product. I couldn't believe it! It worked! The only problem is I can't find it in any of the local head shops, so I am writing directly to you per your ad. Enclosed please find $6.00 to cover cost. Thanks again for a wonderful product!

Your pleased (and high) customer,
John Hennelly
Hometown, IL

This is just one example of the many letters we have received praising our new product, **Black Gold**. Black Gold does not produce a marajuana-type high. Instead, it gives a very pleasant, calming, and tranquilizing effect with just a few puffs. What's even better is that we give you complete smoking accessories along with detailed instructions for use and 3 grams of **Black Gold**.

"We're Number One!"

Natural Enterprises Corp.
PO Box 2044
Gaithersburg, Md. 20760

Ship To. _____

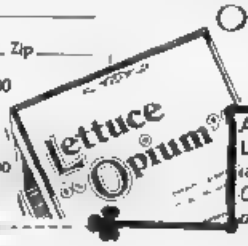
Address _____

City State _____ Zip _____

I have enclosed.

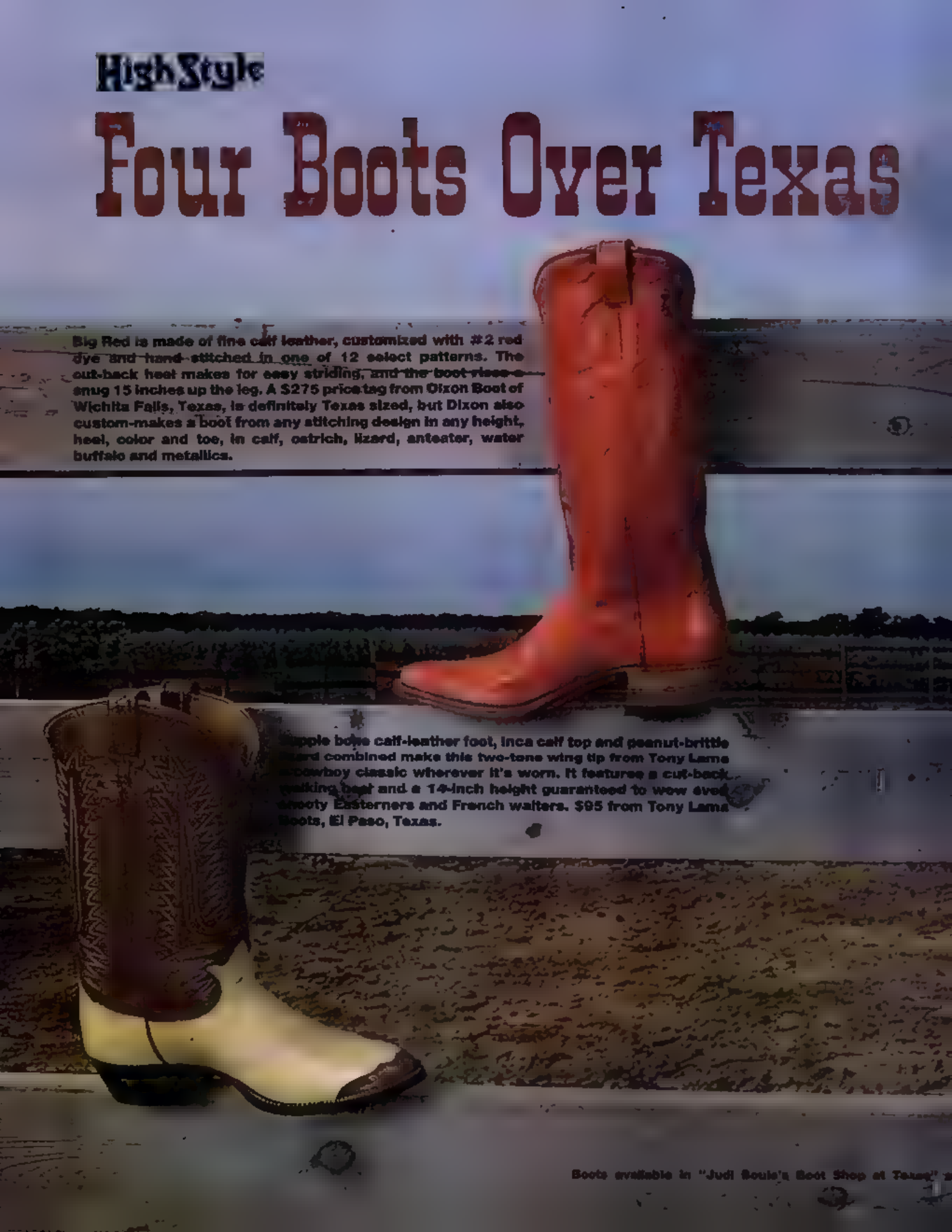
- ☐ **Black Gold**-complete kit . $ 6.00
- ☐ **Lettuce "Opium"** -the original . $ 5.00
- ☐ Bonus! Both **Black Gold** and **Lettuce "Opium"** only $10.00

We pay all postage and handling
Sorry, no COD's.



Also available, the original **Lettuce "Opium"** in the familiar 2 gram yellow stash box. *Over 1/4 million grams sold to date.*

Four Boots Over Texas

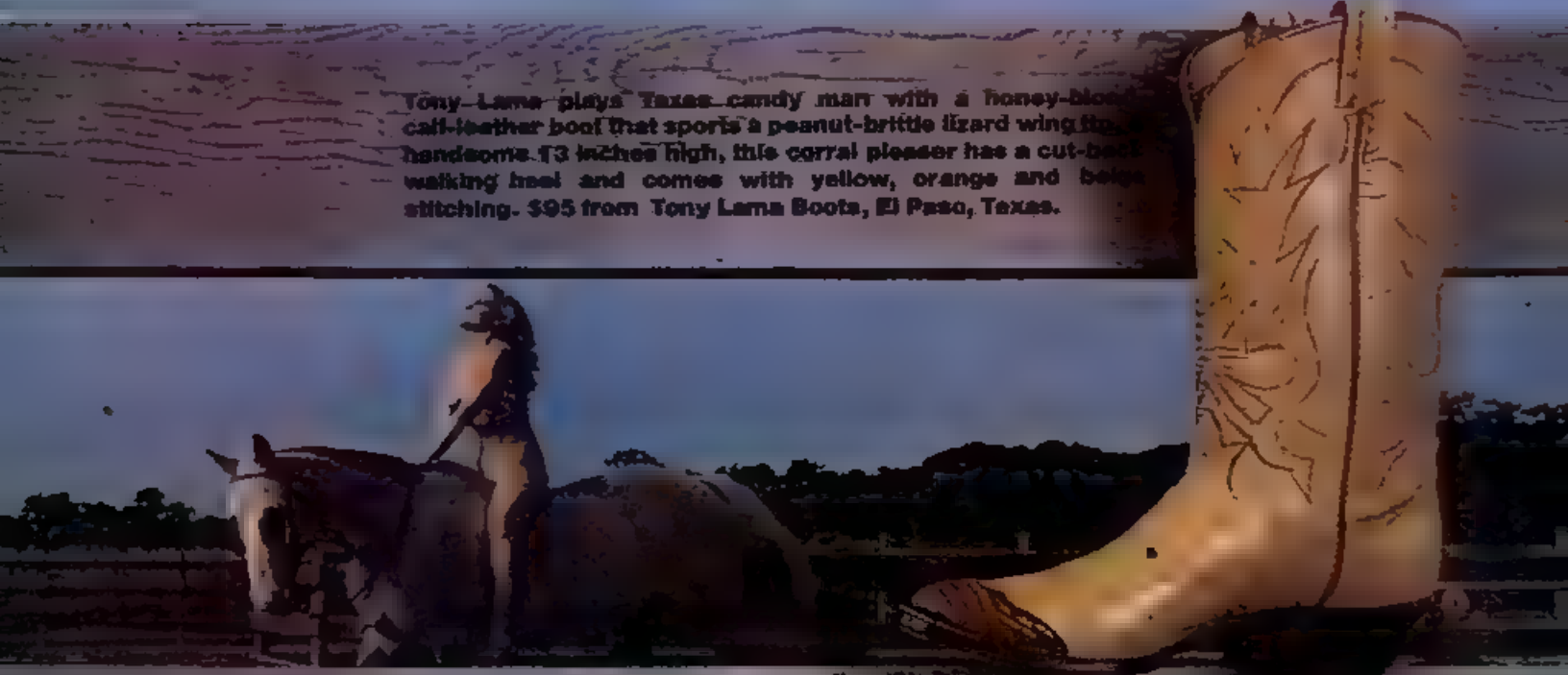


Big Red is made of fine calf leather, customized with #2 red dye and hand-stitched in one of 12 select patterns. The cut-back heel makes for easy striding, and the boot rises a snug 15 inches up the leg. A $275 price tag from Dixon Boot of Wichita Falls, Texas, is definitely Texas sized, but Dixon also custom-makes a boot from any stitching design in any height, heel, color and toe, in calf, ostrich, lizard, anteater, water buffalo and metallics.

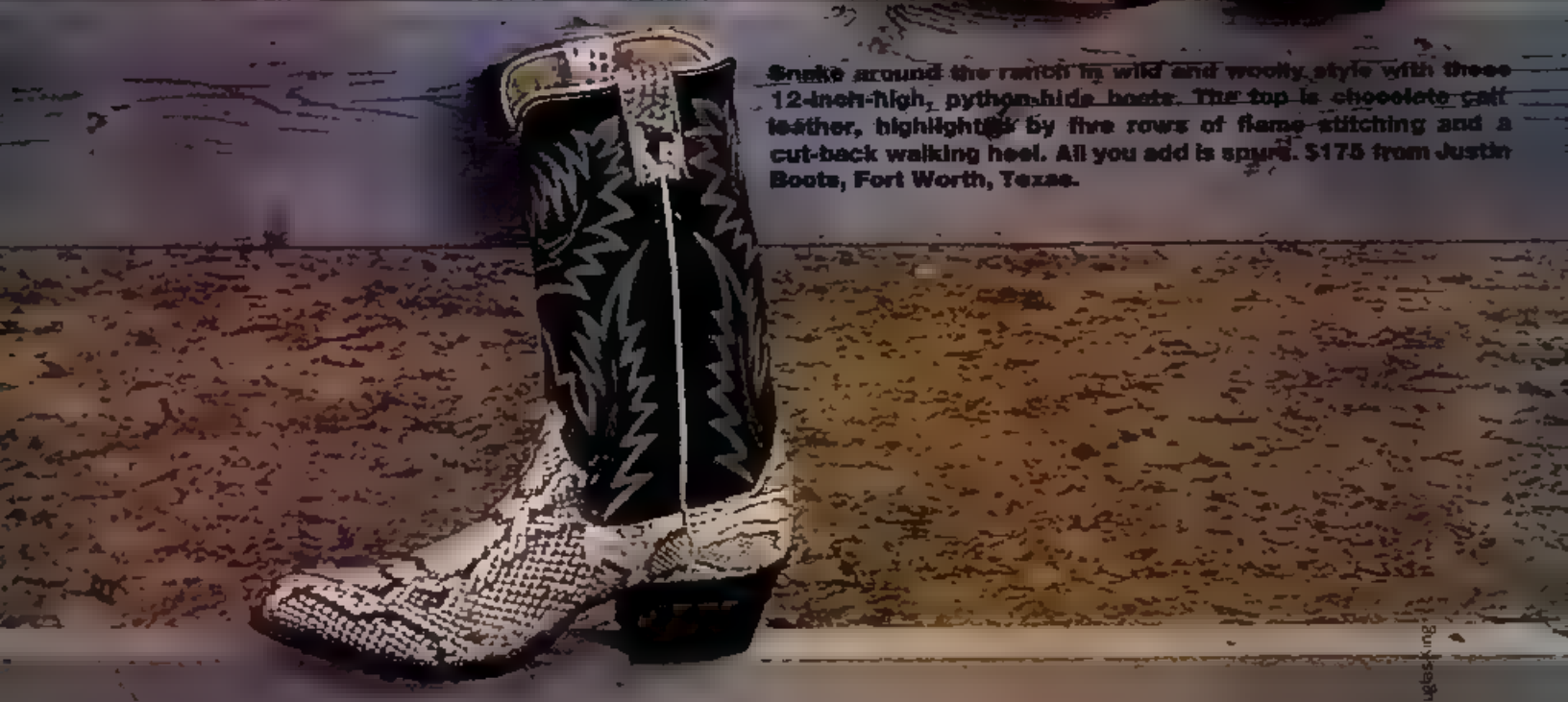
Supple bone calf-leather foot, inca calf top and peanut-brittle hard combined make this two-tone wing tip from Tony Lama a cowboy classic wherever it's worn. It features a cut-back walking heel and a 14-inch height guaranteed to wow even snooty Easterners and French waiters. $95 from Tony Lama Boots, El Paso, Texas.

Boots available in "Judi Soule's Boot Shop at Texas" a

Die with a pair of these boots on, partner, and most likely it'll be from too much cocaine, country music and chicken-fried steak. Our featured Lone Star leathers aren't for still kickin' at Uncle Buck's dude ranch or wetback snipin' along the Rio Padre. No sirree. Fancy boots from Texas are for riding *real high* on the range—whether it be the dance floor at Regines or the beer garden at the Armadillo World Center. Slip on a pair of boots, Texas-style, and your heart will feel as big as the West. All four styles featured below come in men's and women's sizes.



Tony Lama plays Texas candy man with a honey-blond calf-leather boot that sports a peanut-brittle lizard wing tip. A handsome 13 inches high, this corral pleaser has a cut-back walking heel and comes with yellow, orange and beige stitching. $95 from Tony Lama Boots, El Paso, Texas.



Snake around the ranch in wild and woolly style with these 12-inch-high, python-hide boots. The top is chocolate calf leather, highlighted by five rows of flame-stitching and a cut-back walking heel. All you add is spurs. $175 from Justin Boots, Fort Worth, Texas.

Serendipity III, 225 East 60th Street, New York, New York. ■

William Douglas King

FOR SMOKERS OF DISTINCTION

High Style

Tray Chic

Seems the Coca-Cola company spent half its last 90 years cranking out clever promo items touting their energizing swill, among them a series of hors d'ouvres trays featuring Hollywood stars like Maureen O'Sullivan and Johnny Weissmuller of Tarzan fame. Nowadays, the original trays cost almost as much as a gram of Peruvian flake, so when Cathi and Roy saw a chance to grab a whole warehouse of reissues in mint condition, they jumped at it. Now they hope you will. The trays do make dandy cleaning and chopping boards. Only $15 from Cathi and Roy's Favorite Toys, Box 30512, Seattle, Washington 98103.

David Oliver

Beam Me Up, Masked Man

The mysteries of ancient Egypt have been captured in a Texas brim. Plunk one of these Pyramid hats on your head, partner, and you'll be looking as sharp as a Tut and humming "Home, Home on the Nile." Keeps the scalp as fresh as a carrot in a crisper, improves your trigger finger and locates loose ladies at the Armadillo World Center. Comes in silver or brown. All this cosmic power for $35, plus $2.50 for shipping costs (Texas folks add 5 percent sales tax) from Pyramid Hat Company, 1508 Indiana Street, Houston, Texas 77006.

David Oliver, Hans Wendler, Image Bank

Take the Toast Test

It's outrageous the way some people think they're buying coke, when they're really buying Pepsi. Or worse—mannitol, lactose, dextrose, inositol, quinine, procaine, amphetamines, codeine, morphine, heroin, benzoic amino acid, mescaline or even talcum powder. The Hot Box is designed to detect all these cuts by heating or toasting a small sample of the advertised product and then recording the temperatures at which its components melt, thus indicating the precise composition of your purchase. Probably the most effective and simplest test ever devised for cocaine outside the pharmaceutical laboratory, the Hot Box retails for $179.50 from Third Eye Instruments, 208 West Canon Perdito (the canyon of perdition?), Santa Barbara, California 93101.

Dramnation!

Just what the doctor ordered? Made of durable plastic, these nifty 7-, 9-, 12-, 16- and 20-dram (1 dram = ⅛ fluid ounce) vials are designed to hold your favorite prescription, forever if necessary. Featuring a Pin-Lock cap, and virtually unbreakable, each container is approved by the *U.S. Pharmacopoeia* to be airtight, light, safe, child-proof and totally inert. Available in amazin' amber and white, the M.D. Stash is sold at 50, 60, 75, 95 and 100 cents, respectively, in your local headshop or by mail from the Eldorado Trading Company, 1840 Commerce Street, Boulder, Colorado 80301.

Homegrown Breakthrough

American ingenuity has done it again: to wit, produced the Weed Feeder drip-watering system, undoubtedly the most complete such item on the market. The Weed Feeder's precision timer, pump and water/fertilizer reservoir allows the home grower to water and feed *simultaneously* and *automatically*. The system can be left alone for over two weeks. A brain-bending bargain at $65 from Autogrow, P.O. Box 5068, Kent, Washington 98031.

"High Style" spotlights the latest accouterments of the high life, including playthings, paraphernalia, instruments of pleasure, gadgets for your work and for your home—anything that adds zest and style to your day. If you know of an item that should be reviewed in this department, please send it to the High Style editor.

Sideshow

Chris Stein

We're Out on a Limb

To the uninitiated this is a photo of three Bowery bums, but one of them is superpunk Legs McNeil. Guess which one? Anyway, Legs, the Resident Punk at Punk magazine, recently spent a month cleaning up his alcoholic act in a mental hospital. He tells his tear-jerking story in "Drying Out."

Pictured here is an ounce of cocaine hydrochloride (small, fluffy crystals)—that's 100-percent pure coke, folks. Hospitals pay about $30 for the bottle. We civvies pay about $2,000, and that's with numerous adulterants like lactose, dextrose, quinine, procaine, amphetamines or codeine.

Portmanteauvani

The Willy Lomans of dope spend many deadly hours without the salvation of music in hotels. But the Superscope CS-200S can relieve the stress and strain of waiting for hours, days, even years for your connection, or the governor's pardon. Price: $200, and you'll probably have to order it, since most stores don't carry it.

Guess which magazine the folks at Superscope read? *High Times* spotlighted their stereo cassette player back in issue No. 5. Now this Superscope ad is currently appearing in magazines like Esquire, Penthouse and Playboy, *except they changed the guy to a narc.* They're not afraid to steal *High Times* ideas, but they're afraid to advertise *in High Times.*

High Times was there when this Colombian anti-pot soldier *(left)* entered a marijuana plantation on the Venezuelan border. Two days later the same soldier was gunned down while riding his bicycle.

the squeeze that's refreshing!

pop bottle goes with better things.

EASY TO USE:
Just pop a lit joint into the cap, screw on tight, cover the air hole with your finger and squeeze.

$3.95
Suggested retail:

Add some life to your next party: pick up a handy six-pack of POP BOTTLES and make a big "hit" with your friends!

Bottled by Curator Manufacturing Co., Inc. Yonkers, N.Y. 10701

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With HUSTLER X-Rated rolling papers
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High Times

FEBRUARY 1978

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